

The Enterprise.

VOL. 5.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1900.

NO. 12.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:17 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:15 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
6:57 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:09 P. M. Sundays only.

SOUTH.
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:09 A. M. Sundays only.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sundays only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves 7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves 8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves 8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station 4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station 5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station 5:50 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City 9:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City 6:00 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry 11:25 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry 11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry 12:00 M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at 11:29 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at 12:05 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Sunnyside at 12:32 A. M.

NOTE
9:58 P. M. from 30th St. goes to Ocean View only
10:38 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only
11:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

PARK LINE

Last car from 15th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park 11:27 P. M.
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 15th and Guerrero 11:50 P. M.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North 7:45 4:15
" South 11:30 7:00

MAIL CLOSING.

North 8:50 12:30
South 7:00
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. F. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSASSIN
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

GERMANS NOT YET SATISFIED.

Berlin.—There is still great dissatisfaction in Germany at Great Britain's long delay in releasing the Bundesrath and in sending a formal answer to Germany's protest. A high official at the Foreign Office voiced the foregoing sentiment when questioned on the subject, adding: "Apparently, the London Government has tried to expedite matters, but the Durban authorities are unduly slow seeming to be determined to open the last box of the Bundesrath's cargo in order to avoid an admission of error."

Bill Aimed at the Tracts.

Washington.—Representative Pearre of Maryland has introduced a bill for the suspension of tariff duties on importations when their sale or manufacture is monopolized, and providing for a commission on foreign commerce to investigate and report to the President thereon.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Rolled Down to Suit Our Easy Readers.

Steelhead salmon are reported very numerous in Coos bay.

Of 93 divorce cases filed in Spokane in 1899, 92 were granted by default.

The Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific Companies have perfected an agreement dividing California business.

The Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts began its existence in San Francisco on the 8th inst, with eighty pupils.

The Southern Pacific Co. will lay double tracks on every line radiating from San Francisco for a distance of 100 miles.

Spokane sportsmen have organized a club for the purpose of hunting coyotes. Hounds will be imported, and the hunt will be held every week.

The O. R. N. Company and the Oregon Short Line have contracted for a \$800,000 new equipment, to give double service between Portland and Granger.

A. Bodynuski, V. Patapoff and F. Brevisoff of Russia, are in San Francisco as commissioners from Russian colonists to report upon the Pacific point best suited for a colony.

"To raise and maintain prices" the shingle mills at Whatcom county, Wash., were closed last November. The secretary writes that that object has been attained, and the mills will resume.

The state of Washington will spend \$6500 in experimenting with the propagation of Eastern oysters on Puget sound and Willapa harbor during the coming summer, says the Tacoma Ledger.

The torpedo boat destroyer Goldsborough, which the Wolf & Zwickler Iron Works of Portland have completed, was given her trial on the Columbia last week and attained a rated speed of 32½ miles per hour.

The Salem Statesman has a special dispatch from Washington, stating that the attorney-general has approved the title to the site selected for the new public building. The ground is the lower or western end of what is called Wilson avenue.

Regarding that California eight-hour law, the State's Attorney-General has decided that "a watchman or special policeman who performs no labor is not a laborer within the meaning of the statute, nor is he either a workman or a mechanic."

According to the Spokane Chronicle, that city is infested with a gang of bold robbers. Among the list of their latest depredations, the Chronicle complains of the burglary of a residence, then a night burglary on horseback, next a daylight hold-up, and the latest a safe-blowing soiree.

A San Francisco wool buyer claims to have made contracts for 600,000 pounds of this year's clip in Wallawa county, Or., at 15 and 16 cents. Wallawa wool is of good quality, comparatively free from dirt, and many sheep men in other countries think the San Franciscan has made advantageous contracts.

The Dawson telegraph line paid an aggregate of \$13,000 for October and November in tolls. One day in December \$400 was taken in at Skagway. Messages of a commercial nature, come and go between the United States and British Columbian points, Germany, France, England, Belgium and New Zealand. Messages received at Skagway are dispatched by the first steamer leaving under American or other flag for the south and are telegraphed to destination from the first point touched by the ship having connection with wire with the outside world.

Work on the Coast Line.

San Luis Obispo.—All along the line of the Southern Pacific coast line work has been fairly resumed after the delay caused by the rain. About 200 workmen are now in the employ of the various contractors. The ground is being rapidly turned over on this end of the gap. Within two or three days the extensive stonework of Naples viaduct will have been completed with the exception of the skilled work of setting the capstones. It is upon these capstones that the steel superstructure is to rest.

Wages Not to Be Increased.

Chicago.—The statement issued recently to the effect that the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company had signed a new contract with its trainmen granting what amounts practically to a 1 per cent increase in wages, is denied. A conference was held on the subject by the representatives of the employees and the company, and a satisfactory arrangement reached on the basis of rectifying certain abuses, but no change was made in the wage rates.

Germany Will Practice Invasion.

Berlin.—The German military maneuvers this year will involve the shipping and transportation of a large force, composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery, which will land at some point and imitate a genuine invasion. The transports will be conveyed by war ships. This will be the first experiment of the kind in the history of German tactics.

ARMY AND NAVY ORDERS.

Many Changes Among the Officers in Watson's Squadron.

Washington.—Army orders: Recruit Charles M. Stewart, general service, now at the Presidio to be discharged. Private John R. Gittings, Hospital Corps, Benicia barracks, detailed as hospital steward to be sent to Manila. Hospital Steward William F. Hatfield, now at Fort Logan, Cal., on furlough, to report at Fort Logan, Cal.

Navy orders: Commander C. W. Rae, detached from the training station at San Francisco, to go to Newport News, Va., as inspector of machinery. Lieutenant-Commander W. F. Halsey, detached from Naval Academy on January 25th and to the Adams as executive at San Diego. Lieutenant H. Minett, detached from Adams and to Mare Island Hospital. Ensign H. L. Collins detached from the Wheeling and to the Yosemite. Paymaster Clerk A. G. Gaw detached from Brooklyn and ordered home. Lieutenant G. W. Kline detached from Brooklyn and to Marietta. A. W. Mack, J. L. Baart, detached from Monterey and to Oregon. Assistant Surgeon B. L. Wright detached from Monterey to Isla de Luzon. Lieutenant J. C. Gillmore temporary duty on the Glacier. Lieutenant W. V. Bronaugh detached from the Castine to the Ana. Naval Cadet J. T. Beckner detached from the Castine and temporary duty on the Monterey. Ensign R. Spear detached from the Yosemite and given temporary duty on the Glacier. Naval Cadet F. O. Branch detached from Iris and to Isla de Luzon. Ensign D. W. Wurta detached from the Albany and to the Yorktown. Ensign D. W. Knox from Yorktown and to the Albany. Assistant Paymaster C. W. Penrose additional duty on the Petrel.

MEASURE BY SENATOR SPOONER.

Plan to Leave McKinley in Temporary Charge.

Plan to Postpone Final Action as to the Form of Government to Be Applied to the Islands.

Washington.—Senator Spooner holds that whatever policy the United States may adopt toward the Philippines, this country must protect life and property in the archipelago and maintain a stable government. Until the conditions are better understood by Congress he considers academic legislation worse than useless. Pending a wise solution of the question, which can only be reached by careful study of the people and conditions, he has full confidence in the wisdom of the President to direct the affairs of the new possessions. He embodied his ideas briefly in the following bill introduced in the Senate:

"That when the insurrection against the authority and sovereignty of the United States in the Philippine islands shall have been completely suppressed, all military, civil and judicial powers necessary to govern said islands shall, until otherwise provided by Congress, be vested in such persons and shall be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States shall direct for maintaining and protecting the inhabitants of said islands in the full enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion."

The bill, which is unusually brief and explicit, is modeled on that passed by the Eighth Congress after the purchase from France of Louisiana Territory. It was introduced after Senator Spooner had called on the President with the purpose of discussing the provisions. He argues that the imperialists and anti-imperialists agree that a strong and capable government must be maintained whether the United States shall retain the islands permanently or eventually turn them over to the native people. Having accepted responsibility of the occupation of the islands the United States is in duty bound to give the islands a large degree of freedom as possible under executive control. He holds that the President, having the advantage of being in close touch with the military officers in the Philippines and with the Philippine Commission, can avail himself of their advice more readily than Congress during the experimental period of government.

President Schurman notified the President that the Commission would be ready to report the last of this month. When the report has been made to the President it will be submitted to Congress. The President has taken no further action about the suggestion made to Congress as to the sending of the Commission to the islands again. When the suggestion was under consideration President Schurman announced that he would not be able to visit the islands again.

CABLE PLAN PROVES FEASIBLE.

Report on the Surveys Between Honolulu and Manila.

Washington.—Lieutenant-Commander Hedges of the steamship Nero has presented official reports to the Bureau of Equipment, which prove the feasibility of a cable from San Francisco to Manila by way of Hawaii, Midway island and Guam. The Nero worked from Guam to Manila and then zig-zagged back over the same course. Next she did the same work between Guam and Yokohama and back and will next work to Midway island and Hawaii and return. Beyond Guam no greater depth than 8000 fathoms was found, so that no obstacle in the matter of depth stands in the way of laying the cable. Making allowance for avoiding the great submarine mountain near Midway and a deep cavern near Guam, the length of the cable from Honolulu to Luzon is placed at 4812 knots.

SOLD TO THE ROTHSCHILDS.

Canadian Copper Claims Bring Two Millions.

Vancouver, B. C.—One of the biggest mining deals on record in British Columbia has been consummated by the transfer of the White Horse copper group of claims to the Rothschilds for \$2,000,000. The deal was put through by Manager Bowker of the British American Syndicate, which owns the Lerol and other big mines in British Columbia.

A great deal has been written of the big copper proposition which has fallen into the hands of the famous London bankers. The group of twenty claims were examined some time ago by the Rothschilds' engineer, who reported that a million dollars' worth of ore had been exposed by a creek washing away the formation. This ore assayed very high. The locator of the claim was J. Porter, who owns one-fifth of the property. He was a very poor man until recently.

CONTROL PHILIPPINES.

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BRITISH FOUGHT LIKE DEMONS.

Beat Back the Boers from the Second Trenches.

London.—A special dispatch from the Hooft Lager at Ladysmith, says: "The British made no attempt to hold the first line of breastworks, but made an exceedingly stubborn resistance at the next row. Every inch was stubbornly contested and conspicuous bravery was displayed on both sides."

"After 10 o'clock the British artillery fire slackened and a terrible individual contest ensued among the riflemen for the possession of Platt-Rand ridge. At noon a heavy thunder-storm interrupted the battle, lasting two hours."

"Although the burghers succeeded in ultimately gaining possession of most of the British positions on the western side of the Platt-Rand they were finally obliged to retire from most of the ground they occupied. The British were most strongly intrenched, their redoubts being still fully loop-holed, and the combat was so close that rifles were frequently fired at arms' length. It was a hand-to-hand encounter, with the men on both sides fighting like demons, and the horror and bewilderment of the scene could scarcely be paralleled."

"The operations were continued the next day (Sunday) on a smaller scale, but it is reported that as a result of one of the forlorn hopes one gun and two ammunition wagons were captured."

GENERATES INTENSE HEAT.

City of Mexico.—Professor Elihu Thomson of Lynn, Mass., the famous electrician and inventor, is ready to issue a patent on what he calls the "sun furnace," which he claims is adaptable to melting ores and generating heat far more intense than the electric furnace. Metallurgists here say that it is probably well adapted to glass making and manufacturing of carbide. The application made by Professor Thomson is a wide one and after thoroughly studying it at the Patent Office it has been granted as a complete novelty. The invention is likely to interest mining men and large smelters.

FIGHTING WOMAN LABOR.

Action by the Building Material Trades Council of Chicago.

Chicago.—Woman labor is to be abolished in all factories where building material is produced in Chicago, if a resolution passed by the Building Material Trades Council can be made effective. The resolutions provide that each of the organizations affiliated with the council demand that a clause be inserted in all union contracts hereafter specifying that hereafter no woman be employed in the shops. There are 2500 women at work in the various factories, for the most part as metal polishers and buffers and on plumbers' supplies. The principal reason given for the action of the council is that the work is totally unfit for women. It is said, however, that the council fears that there is an effort being made by the manufacturers to gradually replace the men in favor of the cheaper woman labor.

JURY TO SELECT PAINTINGS.

Conditions for the Exhibition of American Pictures at Paris.

Paris.—John B. Cauldwell, director of fine arts of the American section of the Paris exposition, has appointed the following jury to select paintings for the exposition. E. A. Abbey, J. W. Alexander, W. T. Dannat, Alex. Harrison, Garl Melchers, F. D. Millet, J. S. Sargent and Jules Stewart. On account of the limited space the works submitted must be of moderate size, high merit and produced by an American since May, 1889. The sculpture committee is composed of P. W. Barnhill, Frederick Macmonnies, A. P. Proctor and A. St. Gaudens. The painting committee on installation will be selected later.

Pensions for the West.

Washington.—The following pensions have been granted to citizens of Western States:

California.—Original, Jonathan K. Miller, Riverside, \$6; William Nelson, San Francisco, \$6; John M. Pool, dead, Santa Barbara, \$12; Ransom R. Staples, Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, \$8; Thomas Rogers, Los Angeles, \$6; Elias G. Bunting, Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, \$6; John Harger, San Francisco, \$6; George M. Fetch, San Francisco, \$6; John Fenton, Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, \$12; John W. Bingham, Callahan, \$12; Louis Davis, San Francisco, \$6; Andrew J. Swift, Vallejo, \$6; Oscar H. Heinroth, Elmhurst, \$14.

Idaho.—Mexican War Widows, special, Elizabeth Ann Davis, Toponisi, \$8.

Oregon.—Original, Parley J. Foster, Salem, \$6; John Webber, Sam's Valley, 6. Original widows, etc., Louisa Ellen Combest, St. Paul, \$8.

Washington.—Original, William G. Simpson, Chewelah, \$6; William H. Wilcox, Northport, \$8; Sampson Chadwick, Edwards, \$6; Philip W. Stice, Blockhouse, \$6; Edwin A. Carpenter, Ellensburg, \$6.

Havana Official Dismissed.

Havana.—"Federico Mora, Fiscal of the Supreme Court, is hereby removed from office for the good of the public service. This removal is the result of an investigation into the conditions existing in the administration of justice under his supervision."

The foregoing official order was handed to Senor Mora by Governor-General Wood.

General Wood's investigation has shown that the office of the Supreme Court Fiscal is largely responsible for a number of untried cases, and that not only Mora, but others in the Department of Justice, have been persistently trying to block the charges against customs officials whom Collector Bliss is anxious to prove guilty of wholesale bribery and corruption.

The Future of Cuba.

Havana.—At a meeting held in Havana under the auspices of the propaganda committee of the National party, Senor Pieta said that Cuba would always be a bone of contention because of her situation, and that the Cubans if they desired to preserve their individuality, must unite as one man.

General Sanchez said: "Until recently Cubans feared that the Americans were not going to fulfill the pledge of the joint resolution of the United States Congress. President McKinley has set these fears at rest."

Senor Herrera said: "We should look to the history of the United States, and then we would have no fear that the promise of independence would not be filled."

Generates Intense Heat.

City of Mexico.—Professor Elihu Thomson of Lynn, Mass., the famous electrician and inventor, is ready to issue a patent on what he calls the "sun furnace," which he claims is adaptable to melting ores and generating heat far more intense than the electric furnace. Metallurgists here say that it is probably well adapted to glass making and manufacturing of carbide. The application made by Professor Thomson is a wide one and after thoroughly studying it at the Patent Office it has been granted as a complete novelty. The invention is likely to interest mining men and large smelters.

Suit Against Ferris Wheel.

Chicago.—Foreclosure proceedings were begun the other day against the famous Ferris wheel to collect \$300,000 paid to the Ferris Wheel Company by the holders of 800 bonds of the value of \$1000 each, secured by a trust deed on the wheel, its income and patents. It is set forth in the bill filed that the Ferris Wheel Company is practically insolvent and that a judgment for the amount of the bonds could not be collected. The wheel is now standing in this city.

Boers Great Fleece.

The Boer is the ideal pioneer. From the days of the great trek, in 1837, and even before that he opened up countries hitherto unexplored by a white man. A great deal of fuss has been made of mighty travelers, English and foreign, who have traversed Africa, to the vast pecuniary benefit of their publishers and with no small meed of fame to themselves, but there was scarcely one of the old voortrekkers and hunters of the forties and fifties who did not accomplish feats of endurance, pluck and lengthy travel which were ten times as trying.—London Mail.

Successive Waves.

The following waif is going the rounds of the state press: We are told of a young lady in a neighboring town who waved her hand at a stranger, and in three days they were married. Two days later the young lady waved a farton at her husband, and the next evening he came home waving a divorce.—Nashville Banner.

The Billing and Coaling.

Uncle George—You do not appear to think it necessary to spend so much time at home as you did when you were first married. I suppose the billing and coaling are all over now.

Harry—There doesn't seem to be much of a let up in the billing, and, as for the coaling, I am dreadfully afraid of it. It is sure to mean a new hat or a new gown or a new something.—Boston Transcript.

the whole story of Cyrus Noble whiskey.

age-purity

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hav, Grain and Feed. †† ††

Wood and Coal. †† †† ††

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE.

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues.

Leave Orders at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM

Editor and Proprietor.

A kopje is about as dangerous a thing to monkey with as a buzz saw.

Admiral Cervera has written a book telling all about what the Spanish fleet didn't do at Santiago.

Rebellions in South America do not imply change by any means. It's no change for them to have rebellions there.

Further investigation seems to establish the fact that the reason so many rumors fly is because they haven't a leg to stand on.

When the American line rechristens the unfortunate steamship Paris after some American city it is safe to say the selection will not be Little Rock.

A Washington man who recently married has asked his license fee back. He claims the investment was not profitable. Probably the lady has the same opinion.

The women of Paris have decided that "rational dress," so called, is impossible, so long as it is the duty of the sex to look as pretty as possible. So say we all of us.

Another case of destitution in the family of a popular song writer. What becomes of the old theory of the Scot, who didn't care who made the laws of his country so long as he made the songs?

The secretary of the Children's Aid Society of New York announces that "the rich people don't want babies." This being the case, the rich people ought to be pretty well satisfied. They are not having many.

A St. Louis woman stole a loaf of bread and goes free, while a New York man who swindled hundreds of people with a "syndicate" scheme goes to jail. Here are two cases in which well-established precedents are violated.

This country is not the only one which is troubled with unwelcome immigrants. Here we have the winged gipsy moth in addition to the illiterate bipeds from Europe. The rabbit plague of Australia is an old story. Now the hamster has invaded Northern France and Belgium. The hamster is a rodent animal, resembling a rat but somewhat larger, which multiplies enormously and ravages grain fields. It came originally from Tartary, but now has a foothold in Europe. Let us hope it will never reach the American prairies.

Trained men for the diplomatic, consular and colonial service are certainly to be desired. Perhaps our interests have not greatly suffered in the past for want of such men, but our broadening relations will make an imperative demand for representatives and administrators thoroughly qualified for the duties. These the schools will supply as far as needed instruction is concerned, though they cannot give men the character and tact which are as essential as education. However, the new impulse is in the right direction, and therefore to be encouraged.

Personal reserve is sometimes lost sight of in the far West, as a famous sugar merchant from the East recently discovered. He had business in a Missouri town, and was lunching at a table with a native. "Hi, stranger," asked the other, "where you from?" The Eastern man, having a farm in Kansas City, mentioned that place. "What's your business?" "Well, horses," came the reply. "Say, what's your name?" "None of your business," rejoined the disturbed sugar dealer. Even in Ohio, settled largely by Massachusetts and Connecticut colonists, the Eastern man sometimes finds himself in an atmosphere of frankness. "You are all talking about your Western Reserve," such a one recently remarked. "Blessed if I see any."

The burglar and street thief will tell you that in the good old days of our grandmothers girls were brought up in the right way—in mortal dread of robbers, taught never to retire until a careful search had been tremblingly made under the bed for a concealed thief and murderer, and when found to promptly hand over the family jewels. Nowadays all that is changed. Recently a young woman looked under the bed, found the man, dragged him out and gave him a sound thrashing with a broomstick. Only a few days ago the young women in a certain girls' school heard a burglar, pulled their pistols and nearly shot one of the family. Just after this stirring event a thief in New York attempted to "hold up" a woman in the street, who promptly collared him and handed him over to the police. The fin de siècle woman is certainly rounding out the century in great style. The first we know she will learn to throw a stone straight at a mark and find her own pocket at will.

The attempt of the Russian Government to adopt in that country the Gregorian calendar, which is in use in nearly all the rest of the civilized world, has failed. The reason given is that it has been found impossible to establish an agreement between the dates of religious festivals appearing in both the Julian and the Gregorian calendars. That is to say, the people want to keep on celebrating Christmas and Easter and the other days on exactly

the same dates as at present, and will not be reconciled to a change. Yet precisely such a change was made in the English-speaking world a century and a half ago, when the calendar was shifted twelve days, and what had been Christmas became Twelfth Day. There were popular protests against it, and in England not a few riots. But the authorities insisted upon the reform, and it was effected. It seems strange for the supposedly despotic Russian government to show itself more sensitive to popular prejudices than were the British and American governments.

The men in the life-saving service of the country are, most of them, heroes. But they are like all true heroes in not knowing it, and the country, contrary to its usual demeanor toward heroes, false as well as real, seldom applauds them. During the last year only 56 persons perished of the 3,903 on the 428 ships whose perils called forth their efforts. Forty of these were lost on the Atlantic coast during the fearful tempest in November, 1898. Besides this, 72 persons who had fallen into the water from wharves and piers were rescued. The life-saving crews saved and assisted in saving 387 vessels, valued, with their cargoes, at nearly \$3,000,000. Yet the members of the life-saving crews receive pay so small that by comparison the salaries of the city firemen and policemen are of princely munificence. They are on duty day and night, ever on the alert, and ready to face the most appalling dangers. Weighed against the chance of saving the lives of others, they hold their own lives cheap. They embody the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon sailor—that noble spirit which impels the instant, stern shout of English and American seamen, when passengers aboard a sinking ship are to be rescued: "Women and children first."

Fifty years ago divorces were rare indeed. They carried a stigma with them. The man or woman who thus sought release from domestic obligations did so at the peril of ostracism, and even those separations which were obtained for the most valid cause left something of a stain. It is only within the life of the present generation that divorce has come to take its place as an element recognized in the "strenuous" social life of the day, to be availed of as any other process which may be found desirable for the gratification of a whim of the moment. One has only to regard the condition in which the wealthy and fashionable society of New York exists to-day to realize in the most impressive manner how great has been the deterioration of the moral tone in this respect. Our divorce courts are crowded with cases, the basis of a plea for annulling the marriage contract has become less and less substantial, and, however careful the courts may be and however judiciously they may endeavor to administer the law, it is a statistical fact that divorces are increasing in a far greater ratio than population. What is the remedy for this tendency of the social life of the present day? If it is not checked it will surely establish demoralization at a point where our system must be strong if the republic is to survive.

New Zealand has anticipated the rest of the world by enacting a law which deals so rationally with all trade disputes that it has actually prevented strikes for the last five years. It is impossible to present more than an outline of the plan. Both associations of employers and the trade unions may be incorporated. Those which are chartered, or registered, choose the members of their own board and also the members of the court to which disputes are referred. Whether registered or not the associations and trade unions are subject to the law. The colony of New Zealand is divided into industrial districts, for each of which there is a conciliation board elected for three years. It consists of two persons chosen by registered employers; two by registered trade unions; and one disinterested person elected by the four, who is Chairman. When a dispute arises between employers and the men in their employ either party may refer the matter in dispute to the district board, which has full authority to investigate the facts and to recommend a settlement. In case either party will not accept the decision, the matter is referred to the state court. This consists of one person representing the trade unions, one the employers, and a chairman, a judge of the Supreme Court, appointed by the Governor. The court has a three years' term and is wisely independent of politics. A decision by this court is final and must be accepted, under a penalty for violation, not exceeding five hundred pounds, or twenty-five hundred dollars. Moreover, when a dispute has been referred to the conciliation board, and until it is finally settled, a strike or lockout is illegal. That there have been about fifty cases referred to district boards or to the court in the past five years, that during that time there has been neither strike nor lockout in New Zealand, and that in every case the decision has been accepted by both parties, seems to prove, either that the law is excellent, or that it is excellently administered. Perhaps it demonstrates both propositions. The necessity for the passage of a similar law in this country is too apparent to require argument. Aside from the interests of the employers and the employed, the greater interests of the general public demand it.

Speed of Carrier Pigeons.
The average speed of a carrier pigeon in calm weather is 1,120 yards a minute. With a strong wind in the direction of flight some pigeons have made 1,960 yards a minute.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.

A Christian man is a "disciple," and a disciple's business is to learn, entering more and more deeply into an understanding of divine revelation. This is not to be done without toil and pains. The Bible is no light book, to be skimmed as one skims the pages of a monthly magazine. It is a book to be "searched" with as much patient earnestness as the scientific student gives to his favorite science. The teaching of the Holy Ghost does not render this unnecessary; on the contrary, the teaching of the Holy Ghost is given through this very earnestness of research. True, in certain moods or at certain seasons we may have rapid illumination—sudden insight into the heart of texts—great flashes of light, revealing whole realms of truth in a moment, with a revelation which henceforth is ours forever. By all means let such rapid illuminations be welcomed; they are among God's most precious gifts to us; but if they are not given we must not be disheartened, nor shrink the toll of slow, laborious investigation.

There is a blessing, rich beyond all thought, for the patient waiter on God. One of the painful things to observe is the aversion to the labor involved in Bible study, even among the undoubtedly Christians—the mental feebleness, the babyhood, with which the book is approached, and in other cases the fondness for little ingenuities, as if the Bible, instead of being the grand, simple word of God, were a conundrum or clever puzzle. This evasion of practical "discipleship" is not merely the loss of a peculiar joy, but is the source of special weakness. Few things are more fitted to prepare the way for infidelity.—James Culross, D. D.

Try to Bring Others to Christ.
The proof which these people, who had seen Christ and followed him, gave that they had really found him, was that they went and tried to bring others to him. They said to their kindred and acquaintance, "We have found the Messiah." "We have found Jesus." Ah! you have never truly found Jesus if you do not tell others about him. You know how children act, and we ought to be children in all things before God. If a little child, in its rambles, were to find honey, and its brothers and sisters were all around, I feel certain that it would give such a cry after it had first sucked its own fingers that all of them would soon be plunging their hands into the honey, too. Then hast never tasted its sweetness if it has not made thee cry, "Come hither; was there ever such joy as this? Was there ever such delight, such rapture as this?" It is the instinct of true children of God to desire to fetch in others to taste and see that the Lord is good, to share in the bliss unspeakable which is already their own.—Spurgeon.

Counsel.
Seek not to walk by borrowed light,
But keep unto thine own;
Do what thou doest with thy might,
And trust thyself alone!
Work for some good, nor idly lie,
Within the human hive;
And though the outward man should die,
Keep thou the heart alive!

Strive not to banish pain and doubt
In pleasure's noisy din;
The peace thou seekest for without
Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim
By worth, her slight attest;
Nor blush and hang the head for shame,
When thou hast done thy best.

Disdain neglect, ignore despair,
On loves and friendships grieve;
Plant thou thy feet, as on a stair,
And mount right up and on.

Should the Old Clergyman Be Shot?
"Ian MacLaren," in the Ladies' Home Journal, declares that "the difficulty of disposing of the old minister has been felt so acutely that a distinguished divine of our day—who is now dead—proposed that a minister who was past his prime should be taken out (I presume to some sheltered spot) and shot. Certainly he expressed the mind of some ungrateful and miserable congregation who would be immensely relieved to get rid of an old servant in the quickest and cheapest fashion. Perhaps, also, it would be the kindest thing to the minister when he discovers himself to be an incumbrance on those whom he loves, and who once loved him, to give him by some means the coup de grace, but there are objections on the part of an interfering law to this summary method of disposal, and one must abandon the idea of an ecclesiastical knacker's yard."

How to Conquer Temptations.
Many by endeavoring to fly from temptations have fallen precipitately into them; for it is not by flight, but by patience and humility, that we become superior to all our enemies. He who only declines the outward occasion, and strives not to eradicate the inward principle, is so far from conquering that the temptation will recur sooner and with greater violence, and he will feel the conflict still more severe. It is by gradual advances rather than impetuous efforts that victory is obtained; rather by patient suffering than by impatient solicitude and rigorous austerity.—Thomas a Kempis.

"Not If It Were My Boy."
Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered

an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost, and care, and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:
"Did you not color that a little, when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"
"Not if it were my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Rev. Dr. Robert Lowry Dead.
The Rev. Dr. Robert Lowry, a prominent Baptist minister and author of many religious hymns, died at his home, in Plainfield, N. J., recently. He was 73 years old. Dr. Lowry was the composer of the well-known hymn, "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?" and many others equally popular. During his career as a clergyman he had been pastor of the Bloomingdale Baptist Church, in New York, and of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, in Brooklyn.

Regiment Forms a Church.
One regiment of British soldiers formed themselves into a congregation, elected elders and deacons, engaged a minister, paying him a stipend collected among themselves and had divine service according to the ritual of the Church of Scotland. In eighteen months these men raised \$1,400 for books, societies and the support of the gospel. This regiment was the Ninety-third, or Sutherland Highlanders, and was formerly stationed in South Africa.

All Over the World.
The Methodist Episcopal church has sixty organizations in Japan, with 3,023 members, an increase of twenty-five over last year.

A Buddhist priest of twelve years' standing has professed conversion in the Salvation Army at Ceylon, and has handed over his robes to the army.

The Sunday School Association has now seven different meetings every week in New York city for teachers, at which the lesson for the ensuing Sunday is taught.

The Free Church of Scotland Temperance Society has reached its jubilee year, with a membership of 75,740, including 800 ministers, sixty-nine missionaries and colonial ministers.

Twenty-two thousand acres of land have been purchased near Winchester, Franklin County, Tenn., for the purpose of establishing a German Catholic settlement. The movement has the support of Bishop Byrne, and Father L. Van Ree is at the head.

Herbert Booth, son of Gen. Booth, who is in charge of the Salvation Army in Australasia, has secured a tract of 22,000 acres in Western Australia. This may form that "over-sea colony" which remains to complete the General's "Darkest England" scheme.

Six teachers recently sailed from New York for Porto Rico to work under the American Missionary Association (Congregationalist). These teachers, with two others already in that country, will teach in two schools with a total capacity of 400 students. Already 10,000 applications have been made by students who wish to enter the schools.

PARALLEL TO BALAKLAVA.
Charge of the Prussian Cavalry at Mars-la-Tour.

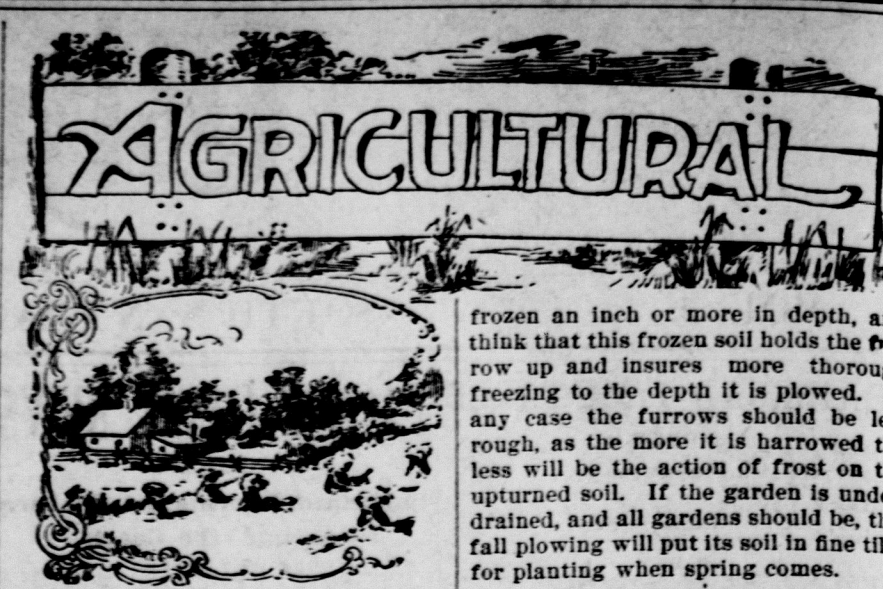
It seems the Germans have a story to match the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, equally magnificent, and a good deal more like war than that blundering exhibition, of course. George Bunsen, a son of the famous German savant, tells the story on the authority of the Prussian officer who carried the order to Auerwald, at the fight of Mars-la-Tour. It became necessary to save the army at any sacrifice by gaining time for more troops to come up. The general in command sent orders to two cavalry regiments to advance; they were the crack regiments of the Prussian service. The staff officer rode up to Auerwald, the senior of the two commanders, and told him to advance against the French.

"You are not serious," was the reply.
"You do not mean me to attack the whole French army?"
"I am serious; I bring you positive orders to do so."

Auerwald bowed and, sending for the young prince of Hohenzollern, ordered him immediately to ride off the field. The young man said: "I have done nothing to deserve this," and burst into tears. Auerwald replied: "Your family has suffered quite enough. I order you to do your duty and obey your commanding officer." He then directed his men to advance, first at a foot's pace, then a trot, then a gallop. They did so and were almost all destroyed. When the survivors had broken through the French Auerwald ordered the bugles to sound the assembly; slowly some sixty-seven were mustered. Auerwald said: "Soldiers, I thank you; you have done your duty. Long live the king!" and fell from his horse, mortally wounded. He recovered consciousness, but died the next day. About 300 only of the two regiments remained alive, but the army was saved.—Baltimore Sun.

Money Made on Lost Tickets.
Street car tickets in Washington are sold at the rate of six for a quarter. This has been the custom for years. An officer of the company states that tickets to the value of \$48,000 have never been used. The inference is that have been lost and destroyed.

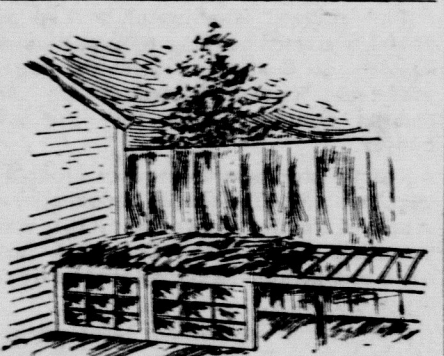
The Tuxton Rules.
There are now 27 royal families in Europe, and they have about 400 members. Of these 27 families 15 are German.



Weevil in Wheat.
The director for the Oklahoma experiment station says: Considerable complaint is received at the experiment station that the weevil is injuring stored grain, particularly wheat. This can be stopped by the use of a liquid known as carbon bisulphide. The liquid evaporates readily at ordinary temperatures, and the vapor, being heavier than air, sinks, and is death to all animal life that breathes it, although a small amount taken into the lungs does no injury. The gas is also highly inflammable, and therefore not even a lighted tobacco pipe or a cigar should be brought into contact with it, for fear that an explosion might result.

To use the gas the grain to be treated should be in reasonably tight bins. The gas will not penetrate more than about three feet in depth in the wheat, and it should therefore be introduced into the central part of the bin by fastening a wire screen over the end of a pipe of sufficient length and forcing the pipe down and pouring the liquid into the pipe, when it may be withdrawn and forced into another place. If the weevil is working on or near the top, the liquid may be poured on to the grain and the bin covered with blankets or canvas for about twenty-four hours, when the gas will have nearly or quite all disappeared. The gas does not injure the grain for growing or milling purposes.

Cheap Winter Run.
The cut shows an easy way to make a sunny winter run for poultry at little expense, either of money, time or



labor. Some old window sash is set up for the front and the top is covered with straw or corn stalks. Make the top strong enough to hold the weight of the snow that may fall upon it. If there is no tight board fence at hand, the back can be boarded roughly and then banked right up to and over the top with straw or other material.—American Agriculturist.

Carrots Stunted by Crowding.
All kinds of roots are much better if given plenty of room in which to grow. Probably no root suffers more from crowding than the carrot, for the reason that when it germinates the leaves are so small that it is hard to tell whether a cluster of leaves represents one, two or three plants. It is a great loss every way to allow the roots to crowd each other in the growing. The bulk of two or three roots growing together is not nearly so great as one good-sized carrot. The short-horn carrots, which grow partly out of the ground, can be seen much better than those whose roots are entirely below the surface. And perhaps because the short-horn carrot grows partly above ground it is not injured so much by growing in a clump. It is also more nutritious than the deep-rooted carrots, but it needs to be gathered before the soil freezes very deeply, else the root will not keep well. Parsnips can be allowed to stand in the ground all winter.

The Barnyard Problem.
There is nothing so repulsive as a wet and filthy barnyard, in which the animals are compelled to walk knee deep in filth. Such a condition is not necessary and can be prevented if the barnyard is kept well supplied with absorbent material. Throwing whole cornstalks into the barnyard is the old method, but cornstalks do not absorb until they are trampled to pieces, and in the meantime much of the liquids are carried off by rains. It will pay to shred the cornstalks or cut the straw for bedding, while leaves and dry earth may also be used in the barnyard with advantage.

Winter Work.
There is plenty of work to do in winter if the farm is rightly managed. It is the season of the year for all repairs and renewals. Every implement or piece of machinery should be overhauled and all repairs ordered, so as to be ready for spring work. An implement that is in good order saves labor and enables the farmer to hurry with the early work when every day is valuable. The farmer who does not place his implements under cover at this season may be forced to buy new ones much sooner than he expects.

Late-Plowed Gardens.
It is a good plan to plow the garden as late as is possible before the ground freezes so as to make this difficult. Some wait until the surface soil is

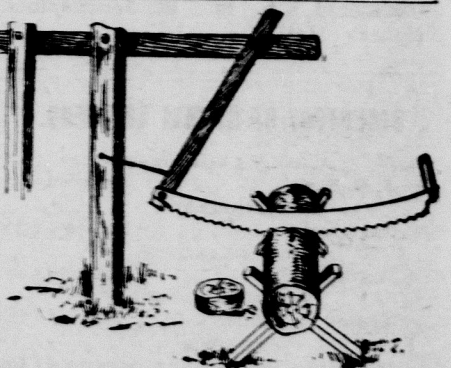
frozen an inch or more in depth, and think that this frozen soil holds the furrow up and insures more thorough freezing to the depth it is plowed. In any case the furrows should be left rough, as the more it is harrowed the less will be the action of frost on the upturned soil. If the garden is underdrained, and all gardens should be, this fall plowing will put its soil in fine tilth for planting when spring comes.

Fertilizers Fully Up to the Standard.
Fertilizer manufacturers are held strictly to compliance with certain laws of the various States in order to protect the farmers, and chemists employed by each State must accept samples from farmers, and their work is spread broadcast in official bulletins. The faithfulness with which the laws have been executed, while no opposition has been shown by manufacturers, demonstrates that the States can protect its citizens against fraud. What the fertilizer manufacturers object to, however, is that the law singles them out as the only dishonest class, although fertilizers are as true to claim as any kinds of goods. The farmer needs protection more from fruit tree vendors, impure seeds and flimsy implements than from fertilizers that are below the standard, for while nurserymen and seedsmen are reliable as a class, yet there are parties who will seek every opportunity to foist impure seeds on the public. Farmers now have less to fear from fertilizers than from anything else procured by them, and several stations report that of the various analyses made there has not been a single case in which the sample of fertilizer fell below the standard required by law—a fact which is very gratifying to the farmers.

Making Quince Trees Pay.
There is no kind of fruit that in localities that are adapted to it pays better than quince. It is an annual bearer, and its blossoms so late that its blossoms are never destroyed before setting. The greatest difficulty in growing quinces of late years has been the fungus which attacks leaf and fruit. This can, however, be kept down by cutting out and burning all diseased portions as soon as seen, and by free use of Bordeaux mixture to keep the foliage healthy. No cedar trees should be allowed to grow near quince trees. They furnish the spores that in the quince produce the rust of leaf and rot of the fruit. By destroying all cedar trees in the vicinity quinces may be grown with success in many places where this fruit is now a failure.

Parts of Tree Bearings.
There are many apple trees that bear from one-third to one-half a crop every year, the portions being barren alternately, so that the tree is never entirely barren. This is apt to be the case where different varieties are grafted on the same tree, and especially if the grafting is done in alternate years. In other cases cold storms or frost in the early life of the tree destroyed the fruit at blossoming time on the exposed side of the tree, and as in the years that a full crop is produced on the limbs in bearing there is little chance for fruit buds to be formed on those parts of the tree and the habit of bearing alternate years formed by accident becomes fully established.

A Wood-Sawing Device.
The accompanying illustration represents a device which greatly assists in sawing wood. The construction is



easily seen from the picture. A spring attached to one end of the saw pulls it back, thus making it possible for one man to use a cross-cut saw to advantage. This, according to a correspondent of the Orange Judd Farmer, has been in successful use on my farm for a number of years.

Root Vegetables for Stock.
Turnips, carrots and potatoes contain a large proportion of water, and though such crops are bulky, yet the actual proportion of solid matter taken from the soil is small. Containing such a large quantity of water, they are very succulent and are equal to ensilage for cattle, though ensilage is cheaper in cost. When cut or sliced or cooked these crops can be fed in connection with ground grain with greater profit than in any other manner, and they give greater value to the grain by assisting digestion and keeping the stock thrifty.

Removing Rubbish from Orchards.
During the summer a good deal of rubbish is apt to accumulate in orchards from the breaking down of limbs of trees from overloading or from storms. In such cases those limbs lying on the ground prevent the snow from lying closely on the surface and offer the most convenient harbors for mice. It is a good plan before heavy snow comes to remove all the rubbish from around fruit trees, and also the grass that often grows near the tree trunk while the tree is small.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1900.

The Quay case hangs fire and so does the extra session of the California Legislature.

President Snow says the Mormon Church does not countenance polygamy and Congress takes him at his word by refusing polygamous Roberts a seat in the House.

Colonel Bryan is coming around. After revolving the question of territorial extension in his mind he has decided that he is a qualified expansionist. Has the Colonel had his finger on the popular pulse down south.

The last resort of the enemies of the canal is the Clayton-Bulwer. A feeble effort may be made to ghost dance around that. Any attempt to gallop for such purpose, will be a burial.

As given consideration to the towns and as given to the will.

ization of a fire district under the general law of the State.

With such a system the money required to provide protection against loss by fire can be raised and the burden would be equally distributed among property owners.

Unless something is done our town will some day go up in smoke and over its ashes our people will reproach themselves for not acting in time. Under the law there can be no reckless expenditure, nor huge debt incurred, as the amount of taxes to be levied is strictly limited.

We see no other way to reach the desired end and suggest that our citizens move in this matter.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Democrats throughout the country celebrated Andrew Jackson day and some say they want a new Andrew. He would have to be a new one, says the San Jose Herald, to serve their turn. The old one would chase a modern Democrat out of his presence with his hickory stick. — Arroyo Grande Herald.

Mr. Bryan is eating a good many dollar dinners. His supporters are getting more two-bit dinners than they would if he had been elected in 1896. — Herald, San Jose.

The proposition to socially ostracize trust magnates makes sensible people laugh. Money is as powerful in society as in business. — Herald, San Jose.

PRESS NOTES.

THE OIL OUTPUT.

The Ventura and Newhall fields are producing about 3500 barrels a day. The daily output of the Los Angeles fields is estimated at 3000 barrels.

In the Whittier district, in the Santa Ana hills, the production is 900 barrels a month.

The production of oil in the Los Angeles fields is now about 90,000 barrels a month, an increase of nearly 15,000 barrels over what it was producing sixty days ago. The new production comes chiefly from the extreme portion of the western field, where the West Lake Oil Company, Hardison, Parker, Daggett & Fletcher, and the Los Angeles Railway Company are pumping new wells. Stocks on hand in November figured out be 140,000 barrels. — Oil Reporter.

NATIONAL LIVESTOCK OWNERS TO MEET.

Chicago, Jan. 12.—Livestock commission men will leave Chicago tomorrow afternoon for Fort Worth, to attend the annual meeting of the National Livestock Association, convenes there January 16 to 18. The delegates will also attend the meeting of the Texas Live-stock Association, which begins Monday, and continues for three days.

ON OF THE 'ES.

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In order to fully appreciate a cigar, a man should always be trying to quit smoking.

The owl resolves every New Year to be an eagle, but never accomplishes anything.

Always make it a point to tell every secret told you, and your friends will finally stop bothering you by telling you any.

"Your stockings," said a mother to her daughter in a store this morning, "may not be full Christmas morning, but your father will be."

An Atchison man recalls that during his life he has known seven women who expressed a willingness to die for him, and the one he married refused to sew on his buttons.

We don't like the word "shrinking" applied to a woman; it always reminds us of a flannel shirt that goes into the wash too big, and comes out too little. — Atchison Globe.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

(Written for the Enterprise.)

How sweet the hour of waning day
That brings us to a purer air,
When truth and faith are ever near,
To bask in love's divinest ray.

For him the truest music swells,
That ever swells from out the spheres,
Who spends his nights throughout his years
In calmest sphere where virtue dwells.

Within his humble cottage home
Where she and they combine to cheer,
That ever swells from out the spheres,
And crown the years with glided dome.

Conjugal joys where lingers Youth
Long past the years that find him flown
From out the lives with evil strown—
With broken bonds, betrayal of Truth.

From out the mist my chimney glows,
My heart beats time to quickest rate,
There, loving hearts impatient wait
And lips that glow with richest rose.

Each greeting maketh Winter Spring,
Bloom—Spring to Summer in my grasp,
As glowing souls unite and clasp
The joys that love around doth fling.

My baby clasped upon my knee;
My wife sits smiling by my side;
Not all this earth and worlds beside,
Could bring increase of joy to me.

With face less human than divine,
She sits and smiles on babe and me;
What more of bliss with wealth can be,
Though paled within its social line?

The measure's full and that is all
The rich may have, the proud may boast
Of joy;—I drink in well pledged toast:
"As much as mine to greet and least."

DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

He Would Know More.

An exceedingly well dressed woman sat in an elevated railway car the other day, and opposite her was an elderly man. The woman got up to leave the car, and in the corner of the seat where she had been sitting the man spied a piece of black net. Jumping for it, he called out:

"Madam, you have left your veil!"
As she took no notice of him he dashed down the aisle after her, and touching her on the elbow again, said: "Madam, you have left your veil," at the same time holding it up in full view of all.

It was a frowsy, frayed, torn piece of black cotton net.

"It is not mine, sir!" she snapped out, giving him a withering look, and the obliging old man shrunk back as if he had been jabbed with a hatpin, while the passengers grinned.

"Why was she so mad about it?" he asked in a dazed way as he laid the homely little rag on the window sill.

"I guess you never paid for a woman's finery," said another man.

"That's so," said the withered one in a hopeless tone. "I am a bachelor, and I'd know more if I'd married."

would that," said the other
New York Tribune.

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A QUEER EXPLOSION.

HOW A MOUNTAIN LOCOMOTIVE CAME TO AN UNTIMELY END.

There Was Neither Fire in Her Furnace Nor Water in Her Boiler, and Yet She Managed to Blow Up in the Most Approved Style.

Mr. Henry Alquist, a prominent railroad man, relates the story of a curious wreck, the facts in which he will vouch for.

"It is such a remarkable thing," said Mr. Alquist to a reporter, "that I fear many will be inclined to brand it as 'pipe.' I have been railroading now for over 20 years, and never in all my varied experience have I seen such a unique and complete wreck as the one I speak of—that of engine 1,129 of the Rio Grande Western. Railroad men will tell you that locomotives seldom explode nowadays, but 1,129 did and in a very peculiar way.

"At the time this wreck occurred I was holding down the job of train dispatcher at Soldier Summit, Utah, and a tough old job it was. Never been there, I suppose? Well, Soldier Summit is a station on the top of one of the Wasatch divides, a bleak and lonely place, where the Rio Grande Western has a roundhouse and coal chute located. At the summit are long snowsheds covering the tracks. These sheds protect the line from the winter. And it is only due to this method that a train ever gets over the mountain.

"On both sides of the mountain the line winds down in a succession of winding curves to lessen the grade. Running off from the railway are switches, which, diverging from the grade, run up into the hills and gradually come to a dead level. These switchbacks, as they are called, are so constructed that they can be thrown from any point on the grade. And if a train breaks in two while ascending the steep grade the runaway cars can be switched on to one of these spurs, where the breakaway finally stops after it has run up the spur as far as the momentum attained in its descent will take it.

"All heavy trains have an extra locomotive before the grade is tackled. These are called helper engines and are kept in roundhouses at each side of the mountain with steam up.

"One night I got word from Clear Creek, a town in the western valley, that the 9:20 freight would be 30 minutes late on account of having to pull out a crippled engine, 1,129. She had burned out her fuel and had to be hauled to Grand Junction for repairs.

"That night about 10 o'clock, after I had passed down the Salt Lake express, I heard the freight coughing up the long grade from Clear Creek. There was a snowstorm raging, and the wind howled around the station like the mischief. When the overdue 9:20 pulled into the shelter of the big snowsheds on the wind swept summit, the first thing I asked was, 'Where's the dead engine?'
"Behind the doghouse," shouted the 'con.' But as I held my lamp above my head I failed to see it. I was just about to call his attention to it when, during a lull in the storm, we plainly heard the familiar rattle of the rails as the runaway engine flew at lightning speed down the mountain. No. 1,129 had broken loose and was tearing down the grade to destruction.

"I jumped and pulled the lever which opened the spur switches. This I knew would prevent a smashup, as the engine would run up on the switchback and come to a stop. But I was too late. Almost at the same instant I threw the lever a terrific explosion was heard from far down the mountain. The runaway had exploded."

"I thought you said a moment ago, Mr. Alquist," interrupted the Scimitar man, "that the locomotive was a 'dead one' if she had no fire under her boiler, how could she explode?"

"That was the only thing I couldn't understand myself," the railroad man replied. "I could easily see how the dead engine could break loose on that grade, and I could understand that hearing its descent during such a howling blizzard, but the explosion floored me. The only theory which in any way solved the mystery was that the old kettle was blown up by compressed air."

"You see, when the engine broke from the freight and started down the mountain the pistons in the engine began to act as air compressors during the rough trip up the steeply jarred open, and released with every revolution her boiler soon filled with compressed air. It was not long before the pistons had compressed nearly 500 cubic feet of air, which came out in a terrific explosion."

the end of is that of

calousy,
but an imitator,"
ull of wrath at hear-
accurately mimicked.
alls you," airily retorted
g bird, "is that you are en-
cause I can sing your song so
better than you can."—Chicago

Reviving Appreciation.

"What's an 'octogenarian' Cousin Martha?"

"Well, an octogenarian is a man who hates life when he is 70, but gets proud of himself again at 80."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Story of John Morrissey.

Henry L. Dawes of Pittsfield, Mass., successor of Charles Sumner in the senate, told the following story:

"When I was a judge in Pittsfield, Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan fought a prize fight at a neighboring place called Boston Corners. Sullivan was arrested and fined \$1,000. He handed over the money and went his way. A day or two later, while I was sitting on the bench, a fine looking man entered the courtroom and sent a letter up to me. It was from a friend of mine introducing John Morrissey. He, too, was fined \$1,000 and said to me that he would send me his check on his return to New York.

"Well, I didn't know what might happen if he was let go on that understanding, but I said to Morrissey that any arrangement for settlement which he made with the sheriff would be satisfactory. The sheriff, feeling as I did, insisted upon having the fine paid in cash, and since Morrissey didn't happen to have that much cash with him the sheriff locked him up until the amount was sent on from New York.

"I fancied that Morrissey felt he owed me a grudge because of this incident. Years afterward in Washington a number of new congressmen were brought up to be introduced to me. Among them was Morrissey. When he came forward, he smiled and said, 'Mr. Dawes, I believe we have met before.'"

Filial Love.

That's a pathetic story of the Gourdon fishing boat crew. No class of men face death more frequently than the hardy fisher toilers of the sea, and among none is a genuine heroism more frequently displayed.

The Gourdon boat was manned by a father and his four sons. When the boat sank, three of the latter went with her. The old man got an oar, and soon the fourth son appeared by his side. But the oar could only support one, and the lad, taking in the situation at once, bade his parent farewell in the words, "Weel, weel, father, I maun jist awa'." and sank.

Only readers familiar with the northern dialect will fully appreciate the depth of kindly resignation and true feeling which the words denote. The father endured terrible sufferings, but was ultimately picked up. "Greater love hath no man than this,"—Westminster Gazette.

Measuring a Tree.

Supposing a woodchopper in the Maine forest is told to get out a mast for a yacht. He knows that he must find a tree which is straight for 60 feet below the branches. It would be very troublesome to climb trees and measure them with a tape measure, so he, without knowing it, uses practical trigonometry. He measures off 60 feet in a straight line from the tree, and then he cuts a pole, which, when upright in the ground, is exactly as tall as himself. This he plants in the earth his own length from the end of his 60 feet.

For example, if he is six feet tall, he plants his six foot pole 54 feet from the tree. Then he lies down on his back, with his head at the end of the line and his feet touching the pole, and sights over the top of it. He knows that where his eyes touch the tree is almost exactly 60 feet from the ground.—Weekly Bouquet.

To make paper fireproof nothing more is necessary than to saturate the paper in a strong solution of alum water, and when thoroughly dry it will resist the action of flame.

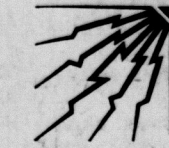
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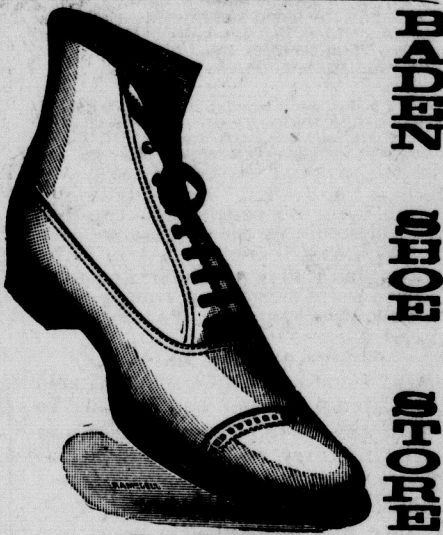
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Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.
South San Francisco, Cal.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,
Constantly on hand and for sale
Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and
Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE. South San Francisco.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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—AND—

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South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN NEWS.

The town is growing.

Five cottages going up.

No vacant houses in town.

More dwelling houses needed.

The price of the Enterprise has been reduced.

C. L. Benjamin of San Francisco was in town Sunday.

Slight earthquake shocks about 11:30 a. m. last Sunday.

The Tyson cottages are enclosed and work progressing rapidly.

John Indergand of San Francisco was in town Wednesday.

Every business man in town should have his ad. in his home paper.

Pay up old subscriptions and help us to improve your home paper.

Subscribe for your home paper and send a copy to some friend in the East.

Bishop Nichols will preach at Grace Mission tomorrow (Sunday), 11 a. m.

Contractor Brucher has the frame up for the Drew cottage on Baden avenue.

Mr. D. Palany has rented and removed his family to one of the Tilton cottages.

The Sentinels' ball, at Butchers' Hall last Saturday evening, was a pronounced success.

Mr. Lyman has completed repapering and painting the Johnston house on Miller avenue.

See the big shoe ad. in the Enterprise, and seeing go to Kaufman's for boots and shoes.

M. Empena has moved from the Dreise house to one of the lower flats in the Bennett building.

Another week of first class racing on the fastest track in the West, at Tanforan Park, closes today.

For fire insurance, in first-class companies, apply to E. E. Cunningham, Postoffice building.

Mr. Brucher has commenced work on the Drew cottage, Baden avenue. It is to consist of four rooms and a bath.

Tom Benners of the Court Saloon is suffering from an attack of rheumatism and Billy Robinson is behind Tom's bar.

A. L. Town has put in a drain under the Arcade Hotel to carry off the surface water which has accumulated under the building.

Chris Hynding came up from Redwood City on Monday. Mr. Hynding is having his cottage on Lux avenue repapered and repaired.

George R. Sneath was in town Tuesday and dropped into the Enterprise office for a few minutes' friendly chat. Call again, George.

Mrs. Cohen continues to receive fresh stocks of choice goods at the People's store and continues to sell them at reasonable prices.

Senator Healy has recovered from his recent accident and is as busy as ever supplying his numerous customers with hay, grain, wood and coal.

Some of that fine macadam rock discovered by Frank Miner near town would look well on our main streets, besides saving a vast lot of profanity.

A. G. Davis of the Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford, paid our town a visit on Tuesday. Mr. Davis is one of the brightest insurance men of the coast.

John Guerra, our local vegetable and fruit dealer, has planted a big field of potatoes east of town, and will have spuds of home production for his customers.

There will be a social meeting at the residence of Rev. E. H. Benson this evening. A general invitation is extended to all the friends of Grace Mission to be present.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Rogers continues to improve and it is hoped will soon be able to leave the hospital and return home.

Frank Miner has uncovered a ledge of first-class macadam rock at the old rock crusher quarry. Frank says this rock is harder and more durable than the blue rock at the Warren and Malley quarries.

The Right Reverend William Ford Nichols, Bishop of the diocese of California, will preach and administer the Holy Communion at Grace Mission Sunday morning January 21st, at 11 o'clock.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the card of J. F. Lyman, which appeared as a new ad. last week. Mr. Lyman is a good workman who understands how to do good work and how to write a telling ad.

The movement to incorporate Colma has been revived and will soon be acted on by the Supervisors. The citizens believe that the incorporation will result in much good to the town in many ways.—Democrat.

The Enterprise has received a copy of the new California Blue Book through the courtesy of our popular and obliging representative, Hon. Henry Ward Brown. The book is invaluable as a book of reference.

Ignatz Wald, who until recently conducted a business at the Homestead, near San Mateo, died Tuesday morning after an illness of some weeks. Deceased was a native of Germany, aged 48 years. His body was cremated at Cypress Lawn yesterday.—Democrat.

On Monday Mr. Randall, owner of the Chronicle, Call and Examiner route, while on his daily trip, was thrown from his cart on a by road, near Mission San Jose road, and rather seriously bruised and shaken up. The horse ran away, making a wreck of the cart. A rocky, bad road was the cause of the accident.

The supply of garden seeds sent from Washington by Hon. E. F. Loud for this town, have been received at the Postoffice, with a request from our popular and efficient representative in Congress, that the same be distributed to those who will plant and cultivate them. Those of our citizens who would like to try these seeds can obtain them by calling at the Postoffice.

The South San Francisco brass band will give a ball and musical entertainment on Saturday evening, January 27th, at Michener's Hall. The band boys are preparing to make this entertainment such as to reflect credit upon themselves and to delight the lovers of good music and good dancing. The local band is in every way worthy of the support of our citizens, and we doubt not will find every one ready to aid in making the entertainment a complete success.

This town needs better protection against fire. The old Hose Company has become about defunct and the hose is out of order. The only remedy so far as we can see, is in organizing a fire district under the general laws of the State, raising money by taxation and then organize a fire department composed of property owners, buy hose and other needed apparatus, build a hose company house and pay some one man to take care of the hose and carts. This can be done if our people will move in the matter.

The U. S. Civil Service Commission announces that the annual examinations for positions in the classified service will be held all over the country in March and April. There were over 8,000 appointments last year, and, judging from present indications, there will be nearly 10,000 this year. Any one who wishes may try for a place without expense. One can obtain full information about the dates, places and character of the examinations, free, by writing the Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

For the first time in the history of the Enterprise bills have been sent to subscribers asking payment of their subscriptions. Many subscribers have regularly paid for the paper without solicitation upon our part. Having reduced the price of the paper upon the first of this year we desire to have all accounts settled to date and start afresh at the reduced rates. No one, we feel assured, will take offense at being asked to pay up. A newspaper, like any other business cannot exist without support. It costs money to run even a country paper and the cash must be paid weekly. With the support of our readers we will not only maintain but will improve the Enterprise and its energies will be devoted solely to the upbuilding of this growing town. We are also asking every business man in our town to give the paper a standing advertisement in the form of a business card and have made the price so reasonable that all can afford to advertise.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday.

Bids for the construction of a bridge across Pilaritos creek at Halfmoon Bay were opened as follows:

Darby Laydon of San Francisco offered to furnish all labor and material and build the bridge according to plans and specifications for \$7695.

E. M. Carr & Co. presented three bids. The first, in which they agreed to use blue trap rock of San Francisco, was for \$9465; the second, specifying rock from the Prescho quarry near Spanishtown, was for \$7783; and the third, using rock from the Vasquez quarry, was \$7580. He agreed to do all the extra concrete work for \$8.50 per yard, and additional excavating at 35 cents.

R. C. Mattingly & Co. bid \$7498, agreeing to do all extra concrete work for \$9 per cubic yard and promising to complete the job in sixty days.

John Tuttle bid \$10,955, agreeing to complete the work in sixty days. For extra concrete he would charge \$10.80 per yard, \$1 for excavations. A second bid submitted by Mr. Tuttle specifying the use of rock from the neighborhood, was for \$8845.

James A. McCullough bid \$8989 and \$8.89 per yard for additional concrete.

Quimby & Harrison bid \$10,495 and 46 cents per foot for extra concrete. John Wurz estimated that he could build the bridge for \$8790, charging for extra concrete work 33 cents per cubic foot.

The San Francisco Construction Company's bid was \$8000 and extra concrete work \$6.90 per yard.

On motion of Debenedetti R. C. Mattingly was awarded the contract, the chairman was authorized on behalf of the county to enter into an agreement with him. Mr. Mattingly was required to give bonds, one for half of the price of the contract and the other for one-third of the stipulated price.

The communication of George H. Brayton to furnish the county hospital with fire extinguishers was referred to the hospital committee.

Debenedetti submitted plans for a dining room and kitchen at the county farm and same will be acted on at the next meeting.

The committee appointed to report on a system of trimming trees along the county road was given further time.

The committee to investigate the boarding of prisoners at the county jail was given until February 19th to report.

The petitions of I. Wald, L. M. Sears and Mrs. Wagner for rebate on liquor licenses were laid over.

The District Attorney reported in reference to the bridge near Colma. He said that it was an obstruction and the county had the right under

the statute to remove it; that the railroad company had been notified and took no action. On motion of Tilton the District Attorney was instructed to notify the railroad people that unless the matter was not attended to at once the county would bring an action against the company.

The petition of the Standard Electric Company for a franchise was laid over until February 19th. E. F. Preston appeared on behalf of the petitioners. He introduced Mr. Gilbert, electrician of the company, and Mr. Wood, attorney for corporation, who both addressed the board.

REGISTRATION FOR THE SEMESTER.

The registrar Friday gave out the registration for this semester as 1,024, making the total registration for the year 1,299. Registration this semester has been much heavier than for the second semester last year. Last year on the same date the registration was 864, while the total registration for the year reached but 1110. There are sixty-one new students this semester, while of old students not here last semester thirty-seven have returned.—Live Oak, Palo Alto.

MRS. MILLS WILL APPEAL.

The attorneys of Mrs. Miranda Mills have announced their determination to appeal from the decision of the Superior Court in which Robert and Maria Chatham were decreed to be the children of Robert Mills, deceased. In the appeal Mrs. Mills will be supported by the absent heirs who will receive none of the property if the present verdict stands. There have been hints of a compromise from time to time, but it is now evident that Mrs. Mills will fight to a finish.—Democrat.

UNION COURSING PARK.

Curtis' luck was in bad form at Union Park Sunday and James Sheridan won the big stake with Forest King, a clever youngster that had about all the luck that passed from Curtis. Lurxor, who showed such speed on Saturday, was off yesterday, and after winning three races he was withdrawn, as he was in physical distress. He was being played to win the stake, and on his withdrawal Cavalier was installed favorite in place of his kennel mate.

Cavalier took two more courses and was made a 6-to-1 favorite in the final. He dashed after the hair with great speed, but Forest King was unsighted. Just after they came together again Cavalier made a couple of turns and then had a very bad fall alongside the fence. This made him timid, and during the long course that followed the work was very even. Cavalier seemed to fear to go close to the fence again and this gave the King an advantage he was quick to make the best of. The race lasted nearly three minutes and the end came in a sensational manner. The hare was a very strong one, and after carrying the dogs until they were tired he made a wild jump to clear the fence near the grand stand.

He missed the top of the fence by only a couple of inches, and then fell back to be caught by Forest King. The score was 28 to 18.

Few other favorites were beaten. Hawker won from the 3-to-1 favorite Crawford Braes, who was made first choice as she ran such a game hound after her hard course on Saturday and beat Iowa Maid well in the morning round. Rona beat Julius Caesar and Sara beat both Commodore and Theron on the short end of 5 to 2.

Hot Haste did much to spoil the Curtis luck, as he beat both Narcissus and Cash. The race across the field between Hot Haste and Cavalier was one of the prettiest sights of a very pretty day's racing. The two ran over 200 yards as if the slips were still on them, but Cavalier shot out for the turn and took it by several lengths.—S. F. Chronicle.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at higher prices. Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand at strong prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are: No. 1 Cows and Heifers 7@7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 6½@7 thin cows, 5@6c.

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 150 lbs and under 5½@6c; over 150 to 200 lbs 5½@5¾c; over 200 to 300 lbs 5@5½c; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5c.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, unshorn, 4½@4¾c; Ewes, unshorn, 4½@4¾c. Lambs, 4½@5c live wt. unshorn.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5½@6c; over 250 lbs 4½@5c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 7@7½c; second quality, 7c; Third quality 6½c; First quality cows and heifers, 6@6½c; second quality, 5½@6c; Third quality, 5@5½c.

Veal—Large, 7½@8c; small, 5@10c.

Mutton—Wethers, 8@8½c; ewes, 7½@8c; Spring Lambs, 8@9c.

Dressed Hogs—Hard, 8@8½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½c; picnic hams, 9½c; Atlanta ham, 9c; New York shoulder, 8c.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 13c; light S. C. bacon, 12c; med. bacon, clear, 9½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 10c; clear light, bacon, 11c; clear ex. light bacon, 12c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$14 50; do, hf. bbl, \$7 50; Family beef, bbl, \$13 50; hf-bbl, \$7 00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13 00; do hf-bbl \$6 75.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 8½c; do, light, 9½c; do, Bellies, 9½c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$17 50; hf-bbls, \$9 00; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 75; do, kits, \$1 35.

Lard—Prices are: 5-lb tubs, 50c; 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 6½c; 7 7½ 8½ 9½ 10½ 11½ Cal. pure 8 8½ 9½ 10½ 11½

In 5-lb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, \$2 60; 1 lb 55; Roast Beef, 2s \$2 60; 1s, \$1 55.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

DO YOU WANT

to repair your old - - - to paper your old to alter or enlarge your - to see plans for 4 rooms & bath \$150 down and \$11 per month If so, see

J. F. LYMAN, Carpenter Shop GRAND AVENUE

HOUSE? ?

WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION TANFORAN PARK

THIRD MEETING:

January 1st to 20th, 1900, inclusive

SIX HIGH-CLASS RUNNING RACES EVERY WEEK DAY,

Rain or Shine, Beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter racetrack of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend Sts. at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 a. m., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 p. m., returning immediately after last race at 4:45 p. m. Rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking. Valencia street cars 10 minutes later.

SAN JOSE AND WAY STATIONS—Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 p. m. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 p. m.

RATES—San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, \$1.25.

W. J. MARTIN, President.

F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Mgr.

United States Laundry.

Office, 1004 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

First-Class Work Guaranteed. Moderate Rates.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco, on Tuesdays and Fridays every week.

J. T. CASEY, Agent.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

AT KILN PRICES

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

BADEN BRICK COMPANY

South San Francisco, Cal.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL

HENRY MICHENERFELDER: Proprietor

Table and Accommodations

The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden

in connection with the Hotel.

South San Francisco, Cal.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

THE RETURN.

By the little old town that I left one day,
Because it was quiet, still
Has the name that it had when I went
away.
And stands on the same old hill;
But the ones that were dear in the little
old town,
With its one wide street running up and
down,
Have ceased to sit on the porches where
The roses were trained to climb;
They have ceased to sew and to whittle
there,
As they did in the dear old time.

The little old church with its wooden
sheds
Still stands as it stood of yore;
But the ones who knelt and who bowed
their heads
Are worshipping there no more!
And the little old school where I carved
my name
On the home-made desk stands just the
same—
But the boys who are battling the ball
to-day
And the little maids, fair and free,
Are not the children who used to play
On the common there with me!

The little old house, so dear, so dear,
Stands just where it used to stand;
But not for many and many a year
Has the latch obeyed her hand—
The hand in which my hand was laid
When my first few faltering steps were
made—
And in the little old parlor there,
O'erlooking the little lawn,
Another sits in her easy chair
And hears the clock tick on.

O the little old town that I left one day,
Because it was quiet, still
Has the name that it had when I went
away.
And stands on the same old hill;
But the friends that I've traveled "back
home" to see
Are gone or else are but strangers to me,
And over the doors of the little old stores
Are names that I never knew,
And the dream that was dear of the "old
home" here
Can never, alas! come true.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

LEONITA.

AS Gitano walked through the
lowland grove to meet Leonita
at the creek he wondered why
she had grown so different; why she
no longer would play the games that
for years they had played together;
why she now went round by the bridge
and would not let him assist her across
the stream.

When he reached the open he saw
her standing by the road at the top of
the hill. A horseman who had spoken
with her rode away, smiling over his
shoulder. Something tightened in Gi-
tano's breast. With firm steps he
came to the hill top.

"Who was he, 'Nita?"
"Who but the Corregidor," she an-
swered archly.

"What said he?"
"More than ever another hath said,
Gitano."

"What then?"
Leonita turned her face away.

"He said that mine is the beauty of
the night."
Gitano's eyes flashed at the receding
horseman.

"Why of the night?" he asked.
"Because," she faltered, "because—
so said the Corregidor—my brow is the
moon-touched snow upon the moun-
tain, and my eyes are the glinting
stars."

"Said he that? What more?"
"That my hair is the midnight cloud;
that my lips—"

She turned a pebble with her dainty
toe.

"That my lips—?" Gitano prompted.
"Are the dew-bright berries of holly
awaiting the kiss of dawn—so said he,
the Corregidor."

At the bend of the road the rider
looked back and raised his glistening
sombre. Leonita waved her supple
hand and smiled. But when she turned
again to her companion the smile
departed from her lips, for the sad-
ness of his eyes rebuked her heart.

The next day and the next the rider
came, but Leonita was ever away with
Gitano in the lowland grove.

Then, as the third day closed, her
father said to her:

"Nita, thou art too much with Gi-
tano. Let him go his way. Thou art
no longer a child."

"But, my father, I am happy with
Gitano."

"So much the worse. Bide thee at
home. The Corregidor will come
again."

"The Corregidor?"
"Ay, 'Nita; he hath seen thy beau-
ty."

"What dost thou mean, my father?"
"Only that thy place is here. Let
Gitano go his way."

Another day the rider came, and
when he went away Leonita's
face was in her hands.

"Silly child!" her father said. "Thou
wilt be the Corregidora—a great lady,
and ride in thy coach. Is this thy
gratitude for a father's loving care?"

Gitano came at sundown to learn
why Leonita had not kept their daily
tryst. Her father sat with them and
told Gitano all—that the Corregidor
had smiled upon her beauty and beg-
ged her for his bride; that the father's
promise had been given; that the not-
ary was to come next morning to seal
the troth, and that until then Leonita
was to remain within.

Gitano heard as in a dream. The
words seemed to come over some vast
distance—even from some lightless
world whose fires had flickered out
ages and ages ago. But as her father
spoke Leonita weaved a message of
the thread upon her lap and trembled
with excited joy to see Gitano read it.

The moon was low, when a call as of

a nightbird fell softly through Leon-
ita's lattice.
"Gitano!"
"Nita!"

Cheek to cheek, they whispered from
their hearts, and in the meeting of
their lips were sealed pathetic vows
of love beyond this life.

Then through the sombre avenue of
silence they came again to view the
gloomy present.

"And spoke he only of the beauty of
thy face?" Gitano asked.

"Only of that," she answered.
"I would thou hadst no beauty,
then."

Before they parted at the lattice
Leonita begged one last memento of
his honest love. A lush young vine
grew in the withered gumtree at the
bottom of the gorge.

"Bring me a sprig of that, Gitano,
for remembrance."

And when she took it from him she
bade him haste to bathe his hands in
milk. Then Gitano knew the cruel
nature of the vine.

"No, no! Not that!" he cried.
But the lattice window closed.

In the morning light the father look-
ed on Leonita's face and horror paled
his own.

"Nita!" he gasped, "is it thee—my
child?"

"Ay, my father; thy child."
He swayed and closed his eyes.

"Say not so," he moaned. "It can
not be! My Nita was so beautiful—
oh, so beautiful!"

In overwhelming grief he sank upon
the floor and rocked feebly and beat
his breast.

"O santo Dios! What curse is this?"
Then came another awful thought.

"The Corregidor will never take her
now!" he cried.

"Why, my father? Doth he love me
for my face alone?"

But the father only wailed as one
gone mad:

"The Corregidor! The Corregidor!
He will not have her now!"

Then came the rider with the notary.
"She was so much a child," the fa-
ther sobbed. "She played with young
Gitano in the grove. She did not know
the devil-vine would eat her beauty.
And yet it hath but spoiled her face
and not touched her beautiful heart."

"Rustico," said the great Corregi-
dor, "thou hast my earnest sympathy.
Here is a purse of gold."

And with his notary he rode away.
When Gitano with his scalded hands
smoothed Leonita's hair his tears ex-
pressed his heart.

"Still thou art beautiful," he said.
"Nay, sweet Gitano, even thou canst
not say that."

"Hush, my 'Nita! Thine is the beau-
ty of the day. Thy heart-love is the
glad, warm sunshine and thy glorious
soul the rainbow of promise to me."—
Chicago Times-Herald.

THE JUDGE'S TURKISH BATH.
It Was Very Vigorous, and He Found
Out Why.

The Judge had never taken a Turkish
bath, but he was not feeling his best
that morning, and it suddenly occurred
to him to test its vivifying effects, so
enthusiastically descended upon by his
young friends.

It seemed to the Judge that the rub-
ber was terribly rough, but fearing to
expose his inexperience and subject
himself to ridicule by objecting to the
regular treatment, he patiently endured
being punched, pummeled, slapped,
spanked, whacked and poked until he
could not stand the torture a moment
longer.

"Is it—quite—neces-sary—to—make
—me—bla-ack—and—blue—all—o-
ver?" panted the Judge, as irregularly
as the rubber dug his fists in more or
less vigorously.

"Never you mind; I'm fixin' you," re-
sponded the rubber, redoubling his as-
saults and grinning diabolically—at
least so it seemed to the Judge.

"Who (slap, groan) are (thud, groan)
you?" gasped the Judge, a horrible sus-
picion dawning in his mind. "Your
(whack, groan) face (thump, groan)
does (whack, groan) look (slap, groan)
fa—thud, groan)—millar" (swish,
groan).

"Oh, you remember me, do you?"
growled the rubber sarcastically.

"Well, lash yer old hide, mebbe you'd
like to send me up for six months again
for prize-fightin'!"—Harper's Magazine.

A Model Witness.
During the investigation of the Maine
disaster an old seaman was called be-
fore the Court of Inquiry to tell what
he knew about it. He was solemnly
sworn to tell the truth and nothing but
the truth; furthermore, he was cau-
tioned not to repeat hearsay; his per-
sonal experience was the only testi-
mony that would answer the law.

"And now tell us what you know
about the explosion of the Maine," said
one of the officers.

"Well, sir," said the old bluejacket,
"I was a-corking it off in me 'ammick
(hammock), and 'eard a noise and
waked up in the 'orspital. That's all I
know about it, sir."

The court maintained its gravity,
states the Chicago Record, from which
this story is taken, and dismissed the
witness.

"Corking," it may be added, is sail-
or-slang for sleeping. When they lie down
upon the deck, as they often do for a
nap, figuratively speaking they are
corking the deck.

A Murderer's Black Cap.
When John Carroll was hanged re-
cently at Atlanta for the murder of a
woman, he wore the black cap which
he had made for the occasion by his
mother.

Largest Public Debt.
The public debt of France is the larg-
est in the world, and amounts to
\$1,600,000,000.

Contrary to the general rule the
street-car company finds its hangers
on a source of revenue.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Ju-
venile Members of Every Household—
Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings
of Many Cute and Canning Children.

When Elsie and Ethel, Eva's two lit-
tle cousins, arrived at Aunt Maggie's,
Eva herself was tucked up in bed in
her own little room, and fast asleep.
She had wanted very badly indeed to
stay up and see her cousins from Cali-
fornia, but mother had said, "No, Eva,
it will be late when father brings
them, and they are sure to be very
tired, so as soon as ever they have had
something to eat I shall see them tuck-
ed up in bed, poor little souls. Every-
thing will be strange and new to them,
so you must try to make them very
happy, Eva."

Eva was up early the next morning,
for she was very anxious to see her
new cousins, and as soon as she was
dressed she went to their room to pay
them a visit, with one of her toys in
her hand. Both the little girls were
awake, and at first Eva felt just a lit-



PLAYING WITH JUMPING JACK.

tle tiny bit shy, but she soon sum-
moned up courage to say, "I'm Eva, and
I've brought you this to play with."

Then Elsie came to the foot of the
bed, and very soon all three little girls
were laughing merrily at the comic
antics of the "Jumping Jack," and lit-
tle Ethel was saying, "Cousin Eva,
mayn't I have it to play with a bit
now?" and by the time Mamma came
in to tell the little travelers that it
was time to get dressed they were fast
friends, and Elsie and Ethel had made
up their minds that they were going to
love Cousin Eva very much indeed, for
she had promised to lend them all her
toys and books, and Eva had said, "Of
course we must be friends, for don't
our names all begin with the same let-
ter?"

Poor Boys Who Became Great Men.
Abraham Lincoln was a rail splitter.
Benjamin Franklin cut wicks and
made molds for tallow candles.

James A. Garfield drove a horse on a
tow path.

Andrew Johnson was a tailor.
William Dean Howells, one of our
greatest novelists, was a poor printer's
boy.

George M. Pullman began work at a
salary of \$40 a year and ended life
with a fortune of many millions.

John D. Rockefeller was glad to find
employment as an office boy for some
years.

John Roach, who was at his death a
master mechanic, and stood on the
highest round of worldly fame, came
to this country a ragged, homeless,
friendless boy.

The present governor of Alaska spent
his childhood in a home for the friend-
less in New York.

A man who is now an attorney for
four large corporations and travels
about in his special car, with thou-
sands to spend, was also a child of
charity.

Ellas Howe, the inventor of the sewing
machine, and who died worth mil-
lions, and what is better still, was ev-
erywhere considered the benefactor of
his race, was a poor mechanic and
worked in a machine shop.

These examples prove to us that to
be born well and to have wealth is
not necessary to success in this world.

No matter what the environment of
our American boy and girl, if they
have ambition, industry, ability, hon-
esty, temperance and virtue and a love
for God and man, they are sure to
make noble men and women of them-
selves, and that is the true success.

Wealth usually comes to one who
practices the above virtues, but the
man with wealth alone is poor indeed.
Much more to be desired is character
and the influence that follows.

A Useful Game.
The game of "Composing Sentences"
is one that has the advantage of mak-
ing people think quickly, and will
quickly show which player has the
most active mind. The idea is to deal
out a dozen cards, each having some
letter of the alphabet on it, to the play-
ers—such cards as are used in word
games, or they may be made for the
purpose.

All begin by turning over a letter at
the same time. As soon as the letters
are seen a sentence has to be devised,
using them all as the initial letters. The
first to make a grammatical sentence
of them is given a point on the score
card; then new letters are turned up
and sentences are made until one of
the players has won ten points.

Of course it is necessary to have a
large quantity of cards, so that when
dealt out there will be a variety of let-
ters. The game becomes lively as per-
sonal sentences suggest themselves,
and it affords good practice in the
formation of grammatical sentences.

Temper Wrong Side Out.
A story is told of a small boy who
was in the habit of getting up in the
morning, wrong side to, as his older
brother expressed it, and beginning

the day by finding fault with every-
thing and fretting over whatever came
in his way. One morning, after he had
been unusually aggravating, his moth-
er sent him to his room, with orders to
remove every article of his clothing, turn
it wrong side out, put it on and come
downstairs. She waited a reason-
able length of time and as her son
did not make his appearance she went
up to see what was the matter. She
found him standing before the mirror,
a picture of despair and disgust. His
clothes were wrong side out and there
were seams and ravelings, raw edges,
and frizzles and incongruities galore.
In a voice, pitched between tears and
temper, he exclaimed: "Oh, mother, it
is dreadful. Can't I put them on right?"
"Yes," was the reply; "if you
will put your temper on right side out
and promise to wear it that way; but
remember, if you forget and turn your
temper wrong side out, you must wear
your clothes to match." The young-
ster quickly restored the normal con-
dition of his wardrobe, and left his
room a wiser lad than when he entered
it.

Tale for Little Mariners.
Admiral Bobstay Yardarm Hope
Put out to sea on a cake of soap;
And the sky was bright and the wind
blew free
When Admiral Bobstay put to sea.

With a fannel sail on a toothbrush mast,
O'er the bounding billows his boat went
fast.
"For a storm I'll open my weather eye,"
Quoth he, as the sails began to fly.

The suds flew thick as his vessel sped,
And the clouds were gathering overhead.
"With a tempest fierce I shall have to
cope,"
Cried Admiral Bobstay Yardarm Hope.

"And what is worse," he exclaimed, "I
know
There's a rock-bound coast on my lee-
ward bow."
The toothbrush snapped as the breakers
roared,
And then in a trice went overboard.

Admiral Bobstay, to be brief,
Was wrecked that night on a sunken
reef;
But he didn't drown, and he's home once
more—
With his cake of soap he was washed
ashore.
—Felix Leigh.

This Dog Thought.
A collie was in the habit of fetching
his master's room slippers, cap, keys,
or anything he was sent for. One day,
sent on the usual errand, he did not
reappear. His master followed, and
found that the door of the bedroom
had blown to, and that the dog was a
prisoner. Some days later he was
again told to fetch something, and, as
the wind was high, his master, after a
few minutes' delay, followed him. He
found him in the act of fixing the door,
firmly back with the door mat, which
he had rolled up for the purpose; and
having taken this precaution, the pru-
dent animal proceeded to look for the
slippers.

Had His Doubts.
"Oh, papa!" exclaimed little 4-year-
old Ned. "Look what a bright star!"
"Yes," replied the father, "and it is
three times as large at the earth."

"Oh, no, it isn't," said Ned.
"Why do you doubt it?" asked his
father.

"Because if it was it would keep the
rain off."

Good Reason.
Father—James, you know I disap-
prove very much of your fighting, but I
cannot help feeling proud of you;
whipping such a big boy as that. What
did you whip him for?

Son (indignantly)—Why, he said I
looked like you.

QUAINT OLD CURACAO.
Scene of Many a Bloody Battle of the
Olden Times.

Curacao is a Dutch colony, and the
quaintest little island in the world. It
is not bigger than the District of Col-
umbia, but has about 40,000 inhabi-
tants and has played an important part
in the history of America. It has be-
longed at different times to England,
Spain and Holland, and its cozy harbor
has been the scene of many a bloody
battle between the navies of the old
world, as well as between the pirates
and buccaneers that infested the Car-
ibbean sea for two centuries. It has
been for 100 years and still is an asylum
for political fugitives, and many of
the revolutions that rack and wreck
the republics on the Spanish main are
hatched under the shelter of the pre-
tensions but harmless fortresses that
guard this port. Bolivar, Santa Ana
and many other famous men in Span-
ish-American history have lived there
in exile, and until recently there was
an imposing castle upon one of the
hills, called Bolivar's tower. There the
founder of five republics lived in ban-
ishment for several years and waited
for rescue.

The houses are built in the Dutch
style, exactly like those in Holland;
the streets are so narrow that the peo-
ple can almost shake hands through
their windows with the neighbors across
the way, and the walls are as thick as
would be needed for a fortress. The
Dutch governor lives in the solemn-
looking old mansion fronting the Skat-
tegat, or lagoon, that forms the har-
bor, guarded by a company of stupid-
looking soldiers with a few old-fashion-
ed cannons. The commerce of the is-
land is of phosphates, and the govern-
ment receives a revenue of \$500,000
from companies that ship them away.

There is not a spring or well, or any
fresh water, and the inhabitants are
entirely dependent upon rain water for
existence, or upon supplies brought in
barrels by schooners from the Venezue-
lan coast, ninety miles away, or upon
distilled sea water. As sometimes it
doesn't rain for a year or two the nat-
ural supply is often exhausted, and
a glass of imported is worth as much
as the same amount of wine or beer.

EUROPE'S EMIGRANTS.

When Successful Here They Quickly
Become Americans.

I have remarked, for my part, says
a writer in the Revue Bleue, that the
Americanization of the European emi-
grant is the result of success; the man
who succeeds becomes American with a
facility truly prodigious, but he who
fails remains European.

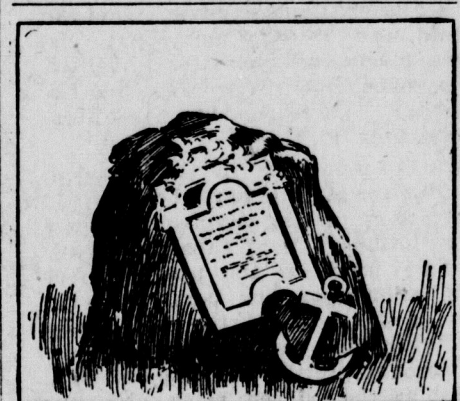
Thus it is that a certain part of Chi-
cago constitutes a veritable interna-
tional sink where the French, the
Swedes, the Germans, the Slavs, the
Italians, dwell in groups, retaining in
their misery the distinctive marks of
their nationality, the language and the
habits of their races.

On the other hand, the Americaniza-
tion of the others is perhaps not so
complete at bottom as it is in appear-
ance. The future alone can tell. It re-
mains true, none the less, that in a sin-
gle generation Europe seems to have
lost all influence over the sons of those
who have abandoned her to fix them-
selves in the new world, and who have
been able to make any position for
themselves there, however modest.
There is in the air they breathe, in the
life they live, something which takes
their youth, their enthusiasm, and inocu-
lates it in some way with all the hes-
editary American possessions and
ideas. The fact is very curious, and
certainly, to this degree, it is unique.
How could it fall to act powerfully on
the imagination of a people already
given to believe itself placed above all
others?

IN MEMORY OF "BILL" ANTHONY

New York Man Will Erect a Monu-
ment on the Hero's Grave.

C. M. Travis, of Nyack, has a contract
to build a monument over the grave of
"Bill" Anthony, the hero of the Maine,
in Evergreen cemetery. The monu-



MONUMENT TO "BILL" ANTHONY.

ment is to be built and erected at the
expense of a wealthy New York gentle-
man whose name is withheld.

The monument will be four feet high
and three feet wide. It will be of gran-
ite, with rough rock face work. There
will be carved on it two sprays of oak
leaves and an anchor. On a raised
panel will be this inscription: "Sir, I
have to report that the ship is blown
up and is sinking;" also the hero's
name, date of birth and date of death.
It will be finished in February.—New
York World.

The Biter Bit.
One day a detective was in an auc-
tion room where "fake" jewelry was
being sold. A lot of watches were of-
fered—cheap, worthless affairs, but got
up to look like solid gold. They were
knocked down for two dollars and fif-
teen cents apiece, and the detective
noted that they were bought by a con-
fidence man who had given the police
a lot of trouble. Two months later the
detective met him and asked what he
had done with the watches. The scound-
rel explained his scheme. He had
hired a room, put in a desk and a few
chairs, and made himself up to look
like an old man. Then he inserted an
advertisement in various papers, some-
thing like this: "Found—A solid gold
watch—Elgin works. Apply," etc. Near-
ly every smart thief in town an-
swered the advertisement, claimed the
watch and paid ten dollars for "costs."

In two days he disposed of his entire
stock in this way, and about one hun-
dred smart thieves were fuming over
their loss.

Caricature of Kipling.
In his work on the "Zoology of Per-
sia," Major St. John describes a thrill-
ing adventure with a lion. The Major
was riding down the hill leading to the
plain of Desht-i-Arjen, on the road to
Shiraz, when suddenly he saw a lioness
some thirty yards in front. Having
only a small revolver, he cracked his
whip and shouted at her, thinking she
would bolt.

The lioness charged, sprang and came
down under his foot. With so small a
pistol it would have been useless to
fire, so he spurred his horse, which,
however, would not move.

The lioness stood on her hind legs
and began clawing the horse's hind-
quarters. The Major leaped to the
ground, but not before getting one
scratch from the brute's claw.

The horse plunged and reared, knock-
ing over the lioness on one side, and
the man on the other, and then bolted.
The lioness stood staring at the horse.
St. John then fired two shots over her
head to frighten her, but without effect;
she sprang again on the horse's hind-
quarters, and both were lost to view.

St. John made his way to a small
hamlet not far distant, where he spent
the night.

The next morning the horse was
found quietly grazing. His quarters
and flanks were scored in every direc-
tion with claw-marks, and one wound
was so deep that it had to be sewed up.
In a week the horse was as well as
ever, but he bore the scars for the rest
of his life.

Consumptive Convicts.
It is said by an Alabama newspaper
that one-half of the pardons issued in
that State are based on the fact that
the convict is suffering from consump-
tion.

Dry District in Liverpool.
There is a district in Liverpool in-
habited by 60,000 people, where intem-
perate liquor cannot be bought.

Three Hundred Degrees of Heat.
The human system can endure heat
of 212 degrees, the boiling point of
water, because the skin is a bad con-
ductor and because the perspiration
cools the body. Men have withstood
without injury a heat of 300 degrees
for several minutes.

Adventure with a Lion.
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sia," Major St. John describes a thrill-
ing adventure with a lion. The Major
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and began clawing the horse's hind-
quarters. The Major leaped to the
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scratch from

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right," is the law of the road—
Make it a law of your moral code;
In whatsoever you determine to do,
Follow the road of the Good and the True;
Follow and fear not; by day and by night,
Up hill or down hill, "keep to the right."
Doubt will assail you, temptation will woo—
"Keep to the right," for the right is the true;
Doubt is a traitor, temptation a shame;
A heart that is honest, a life without blame,
Will rank you far higher, in worth and renown,
Than the grandest of kings, with his scepter and crown.
"Keep to the right," in the journey of life,
There is crowding and jostling, trouble and strife;
The weak will succumb to the bold and the strong,
And many go under and many go wrong;
He will acquit himself best in the fight
Who shirks not his duty, and "keeps to the right."
"Keep to the right," and the Right will keep you
In touch and accord with the Good and the True;
These are the best things in life, after all,
They make it worth living, whatever befall,
And Death has not terrors, when he comes in sight,
For the man who determines to "keep to the right."
—Atlanta Constitution.



WE all wondered how he could be a military man, he was so young, so aristocratic in manners, such a dandy, too—and to call him "Colonel!" It was incomprehensible. At the first opportunity I spoke to Miss Catherwood about it. She looked at me quizzically for a moment, then burst into a fit of laughter.

"I'm in earnest," I said, "explain the mystery."
"But you are in the South, now, you know."
"I did not know it was a question of geography," I rejoined, somewhat severely. I supposed it was a question of war, that colonels were soldiers, and grownup men at that.

"Col. Whitmore would hardly enjoy your remarks, I am afraid."
"Colonel—there it is again! My dear Miss Catherwood, is he really a colonel?"
"A sort of one, by brevet of Southern politeness, down here, you know, a man may become a colonel in several ways. In the first place he is called colonel when he is a fine-looking old gentleman with white hair, and a somewhat threadbare Prince Albert coat. But in the latter case he runs some chance of being called general. On the other hand, if he is young but of good family, fine appearance and manners, and has once commanded a local military company, he is also designated as colonel. Col. Whitmore is of the latter class, but hush, here he comes now."

She pointed over across the lawn where the "colonel" was to be seen promenading towards the hotel with Mrs. O'Hara, widow of "General" O'Hara, people said. To this day I don't know whether Gen. O'Hara won his spurs in battle or out of it, but no matter. As the colonel came up I viewed him somewhat more closely in the light of Miss Catherwood's information, and really I could not help laughing—he was such a grotesque figure. He might have been 30 years old, not any older, but walked with the pomposity of a sedate old man who had made a great mark in the world. He was rather heavy set, and wore a flowered waistcoat. I judged he was near-sighted, for he walked with a lean to one side, as if slightly out of balance, twisting his neck for better vision. He wore light flannel trousers turned up from a pair of handsome brown shoes and a yachting cap.

He was so much interested in one of his "inimitable"—the word is Mrs. O'Hara's not mine—stories that he hardly noticed us on the veranda. But, poor man, I don't think he could see us very well. At any rate he did not halt in his narrative. "I insisted," he was saying, "that I was an American citizen from the State of Virginia, but the police would not hear to me and I was hustled off to jail, without opportunity to prove my identity. However, I bribed the guard to carry my card with the one word 'Help' on it to our ambassador and that same night he came over in person and secured my release. The matter threatened to sever the hitherto amicable relations existing between the two countries, but it was finally settled by paying me an indemnity."

"What an exciting experience, colonel," said Mrs. O'Hara, solicitously.
"O, a mere bagatelle, I assure you. One who has traveled as much as I have learns to put up with such trifling annoyances."
"I think I must go now," said Mrs. O'Hara, rising. "I hope we may have many more such pleasant walks." She rustled away and the colonel, lifting his cap, bowed low, at the same time laying his disengaged hand upon his heart.

When Mrs. O'Hara went the colonel turned to Miss Catherwood with a gracious salutation. He looked at me somewhat hesitatingly, and I said, turning to my companion: "I don't think I've had the pleasure of being formally introduced to Col. Whitmore."

Miss Catherwood smiled. "Col.

Whitmore, allow me to present Mr. Montgomery to you, one of those suspicious newspaper men from New York."

Again the colonel made a sweeping bow and then sat down by us.

"A fine day," said Miss Catherwood. I shall always think the question was addressed to me, but the colonel answered it.

"A superb day, a day when the soul of man expands and luxuriates in the midst of nature's charms. It reminds me of days in the Riviera or in the Taunton valley in Virginia. Upon my estate one has—"

But I interrupted. "A landowner, colonel? I congratulate you."

"In a mild way. Some paltry hundreds of acres in the garden of Virginia, sir; but what is land compared to power, intellectual influence? Why, sir, if I were not so engrossed by my landed interests I should repair to some metropolis and give my services over to the press. The journalist is the man of influence to-day, sir."

I was on the point of trying to say something to discourage him from this notion when dinner was announced, and we left the veranda. The colonel and I bowed chivalrously to each other at the door of the dining-room and parted.

That evening I took a stroll with Thompson, the manager of the hotel, who was an old friend. As we walked we fell to discussing Whitmore.

"A most egregious liar," volunteered my companion.

"How so? You surprise me."

"Why, haven't you heard him talk? Half of his so-called real experiences are pure inventions. Only yesterday he told me about being arrested in Germany for less majesty."

"I think he was telling Mrs. O'Hara the same thing to-day."

"Yes, well, I know positively he never was in Europe in his life."

"You don't say so?"

"And as for those hundreds of acres in the garden of Virginia, I happen to know he doesn't own a foot of land. He's a big liar, but at the same time a delightful guest. I like to have him here—he's a capital hand at entertainment and very obliging."

"And a colonel," I added, maliciously.

"Colonel by the grace of God," remarked the landlord, irreverently, "but he likes the title, and I confess it seems to fit him."

Several weeks went by. Guests came and went at the hotel, but the colonel, Miss Catherwood and Mrs. O'Hara remained. Mrs. O'Hara liked the rest-

fulness of the mountains, Miss Catherwood liked Mrs. O'Hara, and the colonel, well, at first we would not believe it, but finally we had to, the colonel liked Miss Catherwood. For a time we all thought it was his Virginia courtliness that made his attentions to her look like devotion, but at last we voted he was in love, deeply; hopelessly in love. We felt sorry for him, of course. He haunted Miss Catherwood constantly, strolled with her, rowed with her, played golf with her, and carried her books and wraps around like a slave. He even became more of a liar for her sake. Europe was drawn on daily to furnish startling experiences, and Taunton valley—"the garden of Virginia," became a paradise, an elysium, with his broad acres in the midst of it.

We all felt sorry for Miss Catherwood, too, we thought it must be rather unpleasant for her to have so much pomposity, mendacity and rotundity in tow all the time, but we could do nothing. The colonel hovered around her with feverish anxiety whenever we tried to rescue her, and at last we gave it up. If she wouldn't kill him off, why should we?

One night I strolled down to a seat at the bottom of the lawn, where I intended to watch the moon rise over the Notch. It was a delicious evening, with just enough vigor in the air to make one lament that vacations did not last forever, an evening when one can enjoy solitude. As I sat pensively gazing across the valley toward the distant gorge, which was gradually lighting up with the first rays of the moon, I became aware of voices near me. My seat was screened off by a clump of bushes from the rest of the lawn and in my musings some one had taken possession of another bench close by. At first I paid no attention to the voices, but suddenly my interest was aroused.

"Marry you, Col. Whitmore! You surprise me."

The reply was inaudible, but fervent, and some minutes passed before I heard Miss Catherwood's voice again. "I am sorry, Col. Whitmore, very sorry, indeed, but I didn't suppose your gallant devotion to me would lead you to marry me. I really do like you very well, but not in the way you desire. You have been kind and entertaining, and all that, have made my little sojourn here pass pleasantly and I'm very grateful to you, I'm sure; but marry you—what an idea!"

I confess I began to feel sorry for the colonel, she had such an airy, easy

way of dispatching a fellow without mercy. Again he made some impassioned answer which I could not understand. Miss Catherwood greeted it with a ripple of laughter, yes, she actually laughed.

"I don't know but I might as well tell you, colonel, why I would not marry you—your remark about the Whitmore estate just now leads me to. Don't you know there is no Whitmore estate? There may be a 'garden of Virginia, sir,' with an imitation of poor Whitmore's pronunciation, 'but there are no broad acres in it that you own. And then all your talk about Europe, your experiences in Russia, your gambling at Monte Carlo, your arrest in Germany—that's all very amusing as fiction, but it has no foundation in fact."

She paused as the colonel tried to stammer out a reply. Then she went on:

"And your pompous lordliness, your affected manners, even your title of colonel, as nicely as it fits you, annoy me. You are not a real man; you are a sort of summer man, created for resort places and lonely splinters—widows," she added, probably alluding to Mrs. O'Hara.

"I want a man to fall in love with me, and when I marry I'll marry a man. Come now, colonel, don't be mad at me—I caught the sound of a swear word—I may seem severe—but a woman has ideals like men, and it's hard to see them humbled or destroyed. We'll be friends, though, just the same, colonel, and you may lay my heartiness to the fact that I am almost 30 years old, and cross and ugly."

She tripped away toward the house, and left the poor colonel wilted as a leaf. I felt sorry for him, upon my word I did, especially when I heard him sob. It's so pathetic when a man breaks down and sobs.

The next day Miss Catherwood and Mrs. O'Hara left the hotel and before the week was over the rest of us had gone.

When the next summer came I was with the other newspaper men with our army before Santiago. Frequently on some of those hot days I thought of the mountains up north, and the hotel, and once or twice I actually thought of Whitmore, but when I did I laughed, for he did not very much resemble the soldiers I saw around me, and I fancied his namby-pamby manners would not hold out long against rain, mud, fever and poor food.

One day I made a discovery that brought back the hotel very vividly again. Miss Catherwood was a nurse in one of the field hospitals, and the surgeon said a very valuable one. I visited her once or twice, on my way between headquarters and the front, and chatted with her for a moment. I was ashamed of it, but every time I saw her I could not help thinking of Whitmore and the way she had flayed him alive. No wonder she relished that army life, with plenty of men dead and dying.

Then came one of those bloody days when our lines were tightening in a death grip on Santiago. It was war with a vengeance and the hospitals were getting their quota fast. As I made my way through the jungle toward our firing line I had to pass the hospital tent. I looked in a moment to see how Miss Catherwood was faring, and to hand her a note from the surgeon.

As I stood there a Red Cross man, and a soldier brought in a man on a litter.

"He's my captain," I heard the soldier say to Miss Catherwood, who met them, "and he's a regular devil. Why, he led us men right through that scrub and barb wire, and up the slope, the bullets plugging around like hail, and at the top of the hill they knocked him over, but he got up and swore, and yelled, and went in again. I saw him shoot a Spaniard not twenty feet from the blockhouse. And then he went over again."

Miss Catherwood did not pay much attention to the man, stories of such valor were common enough. But the soldier had to talk to some one about his captain, so he turned to me.

"After we carried him back to the rear he wouldn't let the surgeons' touch him till they'd cut and sawed all the other fellows who needed it worse than he did. Just lay there in the hot sun and let the flies buzz over him and never a word. He's a perfect devil of a man to fight."

The assistants lifted the wounded man on to a cot, and turned to go. Just then he opened his eyes in a wild way, and in his delirium started to swear, I think, but caught sight of the nurse and stopped. Hearing him say something, Miss Catherwood came toward him. Close to the cot she stopped, moaned, held out her hands, then knelt down by him.

"O Colonel Whitmore, my colonel," she cried.

He turned his head uneasily. "In the garden of Virginia," I heard him say.—Detroit Free Press.

Outward Effects The Same.
Two reporters, slightly acquainted with each other, met one day at a lunch counter.

"You're not eating anything, Larkins," remarked one of the two, after they had exchanged a few common-places.

"No," replied Larkins. "I am so worked up over the scoop I got this morning on the Daily Cyclone fellow, about the bankruptcy of that big firm on Silver Street, that I haven't any appetite. But you are not eating anything either, Hawkins."

"No," gloomily responded Hawkins. "I'm the fellow you scooped."

Where England Beats Scotland.
England takes the lead over Scotland in some things. The other day seven illiterate jurors got into the box together to hold an inquest.



PHYSICAL AND MENTAL MISERY.

OUR American women are proverbially overworked. Many of them are of a slender, fragile build, not able to perform the herculean tasks demanded of them. Often times it is the task of fabled Sisyphus, ever repeating a tedious routine; that is, rolling the never-ceasing stone. It makes one's heart ache, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion, to think of all the rough work they do—work that sometimes their husbands know nothing about and think nothing about—tasks that are often done by the light of the lamp whose blaze is fed by the midnight oil. And this work is kept up until at last the tired nerves give way or a cough comes on, a sensible decline begins, the housewife falls down prematurely, and a husband is left wifeless and a family without a mother.

Somebody is at fault for all this, but who shall we blame? Life demands so much; society demands so much; your own ambition and pride and your husband's welfare and success are exacting constant surrenders of time and strength. No woman can afford to sacrifice her health and welfare of her higher nature at any price. Work thus becomes a Moloch; but why not refuse the terrible offering of life and blood and strength it claims? Take time to rest. Recreate, read, attend the quarterly meetings. A human life, a soul's happiness, is worth more than a few paltry dollars, the pleasures of outshining your neighbors, having a better house or better-dressed children. Tired, nervous, overtaxed wives, drop that work now and run out and breathe the fresh air of the fields. You will be the better for it, the children will be the better for it, and the work will not be the worse. An hour's ramble or rest, listening to the singing of the birds, the whirr of insects, watching the shadows play with the sunshine, and drinking in the reviving freshness of the balmy winds is cheaper than a doctor's call.

Nellie Bly in Business.

Nellie Bly—Mrs. Cornelia Cochrane Seaman in private life—has taken active management of her husband's large business, the Ironclad Manufacturing Company of Cliff street, and is putting new life and vigor into the concern, which for many years has been a big money maker. Every one remembers Nellie Bly, the newspaper writer, who traveled around the world in sixty days and did various other unusual things in order to write stories about her experiences. She is a brilliant little woman without fear and without reproach. Mr. Seaman, her husband, is an old man and rich. Her company has for years done a business of at least a million a year. The results of Mrs. Seaman's management are already apparent. The business has taken a spurt.

Women Who Work.
At the present time half of the adult women of England are self-supporting, and, as the same state of affairs is pretty general in other countries, it follows that women are all the world over trying to evolve new ideas by which to earn a living or to supplement their very scanty income.

A Frenchwoman who is endowed with artistic taste found herself with more time on her hands than she knew what to do with.

All of her friends envied her taste in the arrangement of her own home, and one day one of them begged her to take her house in hand and rearrange the furniture, for, though she had plenty of pretty things, everything looked so stiff that the effect was anything but pleasing.

So successful was this little Frenchwoman in her friend's house that she thought she might do well if she utilized her talent for strangers as a means of earning a little money. Accordingly she advertised to do dusting and artistic arrangement by the hour.

Her advertisement brought several answers, and soon she had various clients, who again recommended her to their friends, till now she has her time fully and remuneratively occupied.—Boston Traveler.

Talk Business Only.

"Never allow yourself to accept a personal favor of any sort from a business acquaintance," said one of the kings of the financial world to a young woman just entering upon a business career. "You cannot tell when it may seem an obstacle in the way of independent action."

"Be courteous and affable with clients always, but limit your conversation in so far as possible to the definite business in hand, reserving the discussion of all outside matters to the domain of your social life."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Beautifying the Complexion.

A good complexion can be guaranteed to any girl who will wash her face properly at least twice a day. To do this the water must not be quite cold and the soap must be absolutely pure, for soap must be used, though once a day, preferably at night, will be sufficient. Discard all wash gloves, wash cloths and complexion brushes, and instead employ the fingers to rub and pinch every portion of the face, espe-

cially about the eyes, mouth and nose; use plenty of soap and water and be careful in rinsing the face to get every particle of soap off; accomplish this successfully and more than half your work is done; then be quite thorough with the drying process. When the face is thoroughly dry wipe it off with a soft silk handkerchief; if it has the least tendency to shine this last process will do away with it entirely.—Ellen Trenor, in American Queen.

Miss Crocker Worth \$4,000,000.

Miss Mary Crocker is at present one of the most talked-about young women in this country. A short time since she was at school in Paris. Recently she has assumed the control of \$4,000,000 "in cash," so to speak, which she can spend in a day if she so desires, and coast reports have her as very lavish in her habits, never wearing the same pair of gloves, twice, has a different set of jewels for every day in the week. Her hosiery is imported and comes in great bales.

Helping Others.

Some days ago these words were quoted by a practical progressive man: "Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break." Looking over the great wide world, journeying over countries old and new, the truth of these words comes to you with keenest force. In every home, in every city or town, in every country, some trouble is to be found. Many times it is so terrible that it cannot be hidden, and what are we doing to alleviate this misery? The holidays are near at hand, and far and wide the joy bells will ring out their glad hosannas, but let us try to make every one appreciate their music and not feel that to them it is only a mockery. Do something to make life pleasant and hopeful for someone, and in just such measure shall your own life blossom into the beautiful flowers of hope and content.

About Baby.

Some mothers never seem to think it necessary to dress their babies any warmer in December than in August. Poor little blue things, no wonder they are cross and colicky, arrayed in the same amount of clothing that they wore the hottest day last summer, with the bleak winds of winter howling around. Remember, they are very sensitive to changes in the weather, says a writer in the Ladies' World. The proper way would be to have some cute little flannellette wrappers to slip on over dresses. Inspect their feet often and "toast" them by the fire, and keep their hands warm. A warm baby is almost sure to be a fat and good-natured one. It is utterly impossible for babies to thrive and be happy when they are chilly all the time. We all know how unpleasant that feeling is; so keep the baby warm.

New Field for Women.

Cleveland has a young woman druggist who is a pioneer in a field which she believes is a splendid one for women. There are plenty of women doctors and lawyers, but women druggists are scarce. Miss Carroll graduated from a school of pharmacy three years ago and took the State examinations. She is a member of MISS CARROLL, the Ohio Pharmaceutical Association.

Woman's Inventive Genius.

A bicycle skirt.
An improved dust pan.
Improved window sash.
An improved medicine glass.
An adjustable quilting frame.
Fastener for bottles, jugs, etc.
An improved duplex dress shield.
An improved self-heating sadiron.
A telescope-shaped miner's lantern.
Abdominal supporter and bandage.
An improved device to aid the hearing.

A table implement for holding green corn.
A protecting pocket or screen for ranges.

An ingenious machine for hanging wall paper.
A device for supporting flexible gas pipes or tubes.

A shoe upper made of one piece of material and joined by one seam only.

An improved refrigerator wherein the shelves revolve, giving ready access to the contents.

A scissors holder consisting of a metal loop, with ends bent backward and safety pin attachment.

A combination of curling tongs and stove or heater for same, with fuel, and all combined in a pocket case.

An ingenious work table provided with handy little pockets and drawers which pull out just where wanted.

An ingenious hinged garment stretcher, which simulates the human form, and when not in use folds into a small compass.

A lapboard which, instead of being made in the ordinary shape, is made round, and prevents any possible looseness in the outside material, as the board has practically the curve of the body.—Philadelphia Record.

COLD WEATHER A TONIC.

Repairs Injuries Done to the System by Summer Heat.

Many persons regard the winter season as an unfortunate visitation. It is considered both uncomfortable to the body and harmful to health. This is an error. Cold is a most potent agent for the restoration and preservation of normal activity on the part of the organs of the human body. It is a wise plan of Providence which gives us a change of seasons. The winter cold comes as a tonic to repair the injuries done by the enervating heat of summer. Summer, it is true, has many wise uses in the matter of health. It induces outdoor life, rids the system of poisons through copious perspiration and through the scorching rays of the sun destroys germ life.

Winter is the great bracer of the system. It stimulates activity in every organ. When cold attacks the surface of the body the blood is set into more free circulation as a means of bodily warmth. It is through the circulation of the blood that the human anatomy is kept in a state of repair. When the food has been digested and converted into liquid form it is taken up by the blood and carried the rounds of the system for the purpose of repairing the waste places. When the cold causes increased circulation it also brings about more perfect nutrition. Through increased demand for nutrient matter which quickened circulation causes there is improved digestion. The entire repair machinery is stimulated to renewed industry.

Wintry air, as is well known, brings with it a sense of renewed strength and vitality. The restorative power of cold is well illustrated in the case of the dash of cold water in the face of a fainting person. When a person is in a faint there is practical suspense of life for the time, yet an application of cold water to the face promptly restores circulation and renews life. This same fact is illustrated by the cold face bath on rising from bed in the morning. The Indians, who, if not now, in former days roamed our western borders, practically without clothing to shelter their bodies, became, through long exposure, so inured to the cold that it gave them but little discomfort.

Man's face and hands illustrate how weatherproof the body becomes when exposed to the air. Continued activity in circulation on the surface, caused by the air coming in contact with the skin, tends to nourish and thicken the skin. Thus man's skin grows thicker in winter just as animals are supplied with a double coat of fur to resist the cold. When springtime returns man's skin becomes thin and the animal sheds its top coat of fur. The savages who dwell bareheaded in the open air are seldom, if ever, known to be afflicted with bald heads, while, with the civilian who shields his scalp from the air, baldness is prevalent. A sure preventive of diphtheria, croup and similar maladies among children is to bring about such vigorous circulation and vitality, through means of cold baths, as will render the children immune from the attacks of the germs which cause these diseases.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GROWING CROCKERY.

Rare Natural Phenomena Which Makes China Immensely Valuable.

Recently there was sold in New York, for no less a sum than \$1,000, an old-fashioned china plate of the extremely rare kind which is known to the collectors as "growing crockery." From the plate itself had sprung, to a height of more than a third of an inch, a sort of eruption of beautiful crystals that seemed to take the form of elegant trees and miniature pagodas. The growing crystals were gradually raising higher and higher, and they had brought up with them the enamel surface of the plate at every point where they had sprung from the body of the latter. Such plates are a chemical manifestation of the rarest possible kind, and only a very few years ago a teapot, the property of a lady in Woburn place, London, that had become covered with beautiful crystals in this way, was sold to a collector for \$5,000.

The clay of which such china is made contains alumina and magnesia, and in certain cases these are so acted upon by the presence of sulphuric acid as to produce fibrous crystals that are, in reality, very much of the character of Epsom salts, or crystals of alum. Only few, very few, instances of this "growing crockery" have ever occurred, hence the "fancy" prices that examples fetch. The plate sold the other day had belonged to a poor person who had never attached much value to it.

The Busy Bee.

Darwin, after close observation, found that a bee would often visit as many as 27 flowers in the course of a minute, through with other plants in which the honey was difficult to extract, the average would be as low as seven. Striking a mean between these two figures, one may say that an ordinary working bee visits 15 flowers a minute, or 900 an hour. Considering the late hours to which a bee works, it is probably no exaggeration to say that it is busy for eight hours a day, allowing for intervals of rest. This would make it visit 7,200 flowers a day, or 648,000 in a period of six months. A. S. Wilson in a recent paper, showed the enormous amount of labor gone through by bees in making even a small quantity of honey. He found that approximately 125 heads of red clover yield 15 grains of sugar, or 125,000 heads about two pounds. As each head contains some 60 florets, it follows that 7,500,000 distinct flower-tubes must be sucked in order to obtain two pounds of sugar. Now, honey contains, roughly speaking, 75 per cent of sugar, therefore the bees must make, in round numbers, 2,500,000 visits for one pound of honey.

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.
Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.
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Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.
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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

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